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THE

**SATURDAY EVENING POST,**

**A FAMILY PAPER,**

**Devoted to News, Literature, &c.**

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜


## LADY FRANKLIN.

[We find the following beautiful lines in the Independent—they are by Miss Elizabeth H. Whittier—the sister of the well-known poet:—]

Fold thy hands, thy work is over!
Cool thy watching eyes with tears,
Let thy poor heart, overwearied,
Rest alike from hopes and fears.

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision,
One sad picture fading slow;
Fears that followed, vague and nameless,
Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,
Truest heart of woman, weep!
Owning still the love that granted
Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror,
When, the long ice-battle o'er,
In the sunless day his comrades
Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,
Spared the fainting heart's despair—
What but that could mercy grant him?
What but that has been thy prayer?

Dear to thee that last memorial,
From the cairn beside the sea:
Evermore the month of roses
Shall be sacred time to thee!

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree
O'er his slumbers may not wave;
Sad it is the English daisy
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter
Shape and fashion year by year—
Pile his mighty mausoleum
Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal
Shall his stainless honor be,
While thy love, a sweet immortal,
Hovers o'er the winter sea!

# THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

## TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER XI.

The marriage of Delia Floyd was an event in our quiet town. It was celebrated at the house of her father, in the presence of a large company, who were invited to witness the ceremony, and take part in the attendant festivities. The match was regarded, generally, as a most desirable one for the young lady; and there was more than one mother present who envied the good fortune which had given such a son-in-law to Mrs. Floyd. I heard many snatches of conversation, half aside, in which marvellous things were related, or suggested, touching the bridegroom's fortune and the splendid home he had prepared for his bride. He was looked upon as a prospective millionaire, and imagination pictured Delia as the jewelled mistress of a palace-home. Few seemed to think of anything beyond the promised worldly advantage.

"I am glad that your daughter has married so well."

"Let me congratulate you, Squire Floyd, on this splendid match."

"It is not often, Mrs. Floyd, that a mother sees her daughter go forth into the world with such brilliant prospects."

"You have all that your heart can desire so far as Delia is concerned, Mrs. Floyd."

"You are the envy of mothers."

And so I heard the changes rung on all sides of me, and from the lips of people who might have looked deeper if they had taken the trouble to use their eyes.

To me the wedding was full of sad suggestions. It was one of those social self-sacrifices as common now as then, in which the victim goes self-impelled to the altar, and lays upon its consuming fires the richest dower of womanhood.

I listened to the vows that were made on this occasion, and felt a low thrill of repulsion as words of such solemn import trembled on the air; for too well I knew that a union of souls in a true marriage such as Delia Floyd might consummate was impossible here. Could she be happy in this marriage? I gave to my own question an emphatic No. She might have a gay, brilliant, exciting life: but to that deep peace which is given to loving hearts, and which, in hours of isolation and loneliness, she would desire with an irrepressible longing, she must forever be a stranger.

I looked into her beautiful young face as she stood receiving the congratulations of friends, and felt as I had never felt before on such an occasion. Instinctively my thought ran questioning along the future. But no hopeful answer was returned. How was she to advance in that inner-life development through which the true woman is perfected? I pushed the question aside. It was too painful. Had she been one of the great company of almost soulless women—if I may use such strong language—who pass, yearly, through legal forms into the mere semblance of a marriage, I might have looked on with indifference, for then, the realization would, in all probability, be equal to the promise. But Delia Floyd was of a different spiritual organization. She had higher capabilities and nobler aspirations; and if the one found no true sphere of development, while the other was doomed to beat its wings vainly amid the lower atmospheres of life, was happiness in the case even a possibility?"

Among the guests was Wallingford. It was six months, almost to a day, since the dearest hope in life he had ever cherished went suddenly out, and left him, for a season, in the darkness of despair. I did not expect to see him on this occasion; and there was another, I think, who as little anticipated his presence—I mean the bride. But he had shared in the invitations, and came up to witness the sacrifice. To see, what a few months before was to him the most precious thing in life, pass into the full possession of another. Had not the fine gold grown dim in his eyes? It had—dim with the tarnish that better natures receive when they consent to dwell with inferior spirits, and breathe in an atmosphere loaded with earthly exhalations. It would have been the highest delight of his life to have ascended with her into the pure regions, where thought builds tabernacles and establishes its dwelling places. To have walked onward, side by side, in a dear life-companionship, towards the goal of eternal spiritual oneness. But she had willed it otherwise; and now he had come, resolutely, to bear the pain of a final sundering of all bonds, that his soul might free itself from her soul completely and forever.

I first noticed him as the bridal party entered the room, and took their place in front of the clergyman who was to officiate on the occasion. He occupied a position that gave him a clear view of Delia's face, while he was removed from general observation. Almost from the commencement to the ending of the ceremony his gaze rested on her countenance. His head was thrown a little forward, his brows slightly contracted, his lips firmly set, and his eyes fixed as if the object upon which he was gazing held him by an irresistible fascination. I was so much interested in him that I scarcely looked at the bride during the ceremony. At last, the minister, in conclusion, announced the twain to be husband and wife. I saw Wallingford give a slight start as if a tensely strung chord of feeling had been jarred. A moment more and the spell was broken! Every lineament of his countenance showed this. The stern aspect gave way—light trembled over the softening features—the body stood more erect as if a great pressure had been removed.

I noticed that he did not hold back in the excitement of congratulation that followed the ceremony. I was near him when he took the hand of Delia, and heard him say—not—"I congratulate you"—but "May your life be a happy one." The tone was earnest and feeling, such as a brother might use to a beloved sister. I held that tone long afterwards in my memory studying its signification. It had in it nothing of regret, or pain, or sadness, as if he were losing something; but simply expressed the regard and tender interest of a sincere well wisher. And so that great trial was at an end for him. He had struggled manfully with a great enemy to his peace, and this was his hour of triumph.

With the bride's state of mind, as read in external signs, I was far from being satisfied. Marriage, in any case, to one who thinks and feels, is a thing of serious import; and even the habitually thoughtless, can hardly take its solemn vows upon their lips without falling into a sober mood. We are, therefore, not surprised to see emotion put on signs of pain—like April showers that weep away into sunshine. But in Delia's face I saw something that went deeper than all this.

"There is no one here," said I, taking her hand, and holding it tightly in mine, "who wishes you well in the future more sincerely than I do."

"I know it, Doctor," she answered, returning the warm grasp I gave her. Her eyes rested steadily in mine, and saw a shadow in them.

"We are sorry to lose you from S——. Indeed we cannot afford to lose you."

"She is wanted," spoke up her young husband a little proudly, "to grace a wider and more brilliant sphere of life."

"It is not the brilliant sphere that is always the happiest," said I. "Life's truest pleasures come oftener to quiet home circles even among the lowly than to gilded palaces where fortune's favorites reside."

"It is not to external condition," the bride remarked, "that we are to look for happiness." I thought her voice had in it a pensive tone, as if she were not wholly satisfied with the brilliant promise that lay before her. "You know, Doctor, we have talked that over more than once in our lives."

"Yes, Delia; and it is a truth which we ought never to forget—one that I trust you and your husband will lay up in your hearts."

I turned to the young man desiring my admonition to reach him also.

"Perhaps I might differ something from this sage conclusion," he answered a little flippantly. "As far as I can see, the external condition has a great deal to do with our happiness. I am very sure, that if I were situated as some people are whom I know, I would be miserable. So you see, Doctor, I have my doubts touching this theory of yours and Delia's."

"Time, I think, will demonstrate its truth," I said, in a graver tone, and turned from them to give place to those who could talk in a lighter strain than was possible for me on the occasion.

During the evening I saw Wallingford more than once in conversation with the bride; but only when she happened to be a little separated from her husband, towards whom his manner was coldly polite. The two young men, after the scene in Judge Bigelow's office, only kept up, for the sake of others, the shadow of acquaintanceship. Between them there was a strong mutual repulsion which neither sought to overcome.

As I remarked I saw Wallingford more than once in conversation with the bride. But nothing in his manner indicated any sentiment beyond that of friendship. He was polite, cheerful, and at his ease. But it was different with her. She was not at her ease in his company, and yet, I could see that his attention was grateful—even pleasant.

The augury was not good. As I read the signs, Delia Floyd, when she passed from maidenhood to wifehood, departed from the path that led to happiness in this world. And I said to myself as I pondered her future—"May the disappointments and sorrows that are almost sure to come turn her feet aside into the right way at last."

### CHAPTER XII.

On the day following, the young husband bore his bride away to grace the prouder home that awaited her in New York; and affairs in our town settled themselves down into the old routine.

During the few months that have passed since the opening of our story, the only matter that has occurred, of any interest to the reader, at the Allen House, is the fact that Judge Bigelow has undertaken the management of Mrs. Montgomery's affairs, and the establishment of her claim to the possession, as only heir, of the whole of Captain Allen's property. Some legal difficulties, bearing upon her identification as his sister, were in the way; and in the effort to remove these, there had been considerable correspondence with persons in England.

The first fact to be clearly proved was the solemnization of a marriage between Mrs. Montgomery's mother and the elder Captain Allen. Next, the identity of Mrs. Montgomery as her child. No marriage certificate, nor any record of the fact, as to exact time and place, were known to be in existence; and without them, or evidence of a very conclusive character, the title of Mrs. Montgomery could not be clearly established.

This, Judge Bigelow stated to her in the beginning; but, up to this time, no such evidence had been found.

Mrs. Montgomery's health was not good, and as she required occasional medical aid, my visits to the Allen House were continued. The more intimately I came to know this lady, the higher did she rise in my esteem. She united strength of mind with clearness of perception; and decision of character with prudence and justice. She had, likewise, a depth and tenderness of feeling that often exhibited itself in beautiful incidents. The dignity of manner, which at first seemed touched with hauteur, now only gave grace to her fine proportions.

She had, from the beginning, spoken to me without reserve of her affairs, in which I naturally took deep interest. One day she said—

"Doctor, I wish to get your opinion in regard to an individual whom Judge Bigelow proposes to send out to England for me on important business. He is a young man, associated with him, as I understand it, professionally."

"Mr. Wallingford, you mean."

"Yes, that is the name, I believe. Do you know him?"

"Very well."

"Is he prudent, intelligent and reliable?"

"I think so."

"You only think so, Doctor."

"I can speak in stronger terms. As far as one man can know another, I am ready to say that *he is* prudent, intelligent and reliable. If I had important business to transact at a distant point, and needed a trusty agent, I would select him before any other man in S——."

"I wish no better testimony, Doctor, and am glad to know that I can procure an agent so well qualified."

"Have you seen him?" I inquired.

"No. But Judge Bigelow is to bring him here to-day, in order that I may see and converse with him."

"You will find him," said I, "a young man of few words and unobtrusive manners—but solid as a rock. I have seen him under circumstances calculated to test the character of any man."

"What are the circumstances, if you are free to speak of them?" asked Mrs. Montgomery. "We get always a truer estimate of a man, when we see him in some great battle of life; for then, his real quality and resources become apparent."

I thought for a little while before answering. It did not seem just right to draw aside the veil that strangers' eyes might look upon a life-passage such as was written in Wallingford's Book of Memory. The brief but fierce struggle was over with him; and he was moving steadily onward, sadder, no doubt, for the experience, and wiser, no doubt. But the secret was his own, and I felt that no one ought to meddle therewith. Still, a relation of the fact, showing how deeply the man could feel, and how strong he was in self-mastery, could not but raise him in the estimation of Mrs. Montgomery, and increase her confidence.

"It is hardly fair," said I, "to bring up the circumstances of a man's life over which he has drawn a veil; and which are sacred to himself alone. In this case, however, with the end of enabling you more fully to know the person you think of sending abroad on an important service, I will relate an occurrence that cannot fail to awaken in your mind an interest for the young man, such as we always feel for those who have passed through deep suffering."

Blanche was sitting by her mother. Indeed, the two were almost inseparable companions. It was a rare thing to find them apart. I saw her face kindle with an earnest curiosity.

"Judge Bigelow's nephew was married, recently," I said.

"So the Judge informed me. He spoke very warmly of his nephew, who is a merchant in New York, I think he said."

"He is partner in a mercantile firm there. The bride was Squire Floyd's daughter; a very superior girl—lovely in character, attractive in person, and mentally, well cultivated. I have always regarded her as the flower of our town."

"The young man had good taste, it seems," Mrs. Montgomery remarked.

"Better than the young lady showed in taking him for a husband," said I.

"Ah. Then your opinion of him is not so favorable."

"He was not worthy of her, if I possess any skill in reading character. But there was one worthy of her, and deeply attached to her at the same time."

"This young Wallingford, of whom we were speaking?"

"The same."

"But she didn't fancy him."

"She did fancy him. But—"

"Was not able to resist the attractions of a New York merchant, when put in opposition to those of a humble country lawyer?"

"The truth lies about there. She took the showy effigy of a man, in place of the real man."

"A sad mistake. But it is made every day," said Mrs. Montgomery, "and will continue to be made. Alas for the blindness and folly that lead so many into paths that terminate in barren deserts, or wildernesses where the soul is lost! And so our young friend has been crossed in love."

"The experience is deeper than usual," said I. Then I related, with some particularity, the facts in the case, already known to the reader. Both the mother and daughter listened with deep attention. After I had finished my story, Mrs. Montgomery said,

"He possesses will and strength of character, that is plain; but I can't say that I just like the deliberate process of unloving, if I may use the word, which you have described. There is something too cold-blooded about it for me. Like the oak, bent under the pressure of a fierce storm, he comes up erect too soon."

I smiled at her view of the case, and answered—

"You look upon it as a woman, I as a man. To me, there is a certain moral grandeur in the way he has disenthralled himself from fetters that could not remain, without a life-long disability."

"Oh, no doubt it was the wisest course," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"And may we not look among the wisest men, for the best and most reliable?" I queried.

"Among those who are truly wise," she said, her voice giving emphasis to the word *truly*.

"What is it to be truly wise?"

"All true wisdom," she answered, "as it appertains to the affairs of this life, has its foundation in a just regard for others; for, in the degree that we are just to others, are we just to ourselves."

"And is not the converse of your proposition true also? In the degree that we are just to ourselves, are we not just to others?"

"Undoubtedly. Each individual bears to common society, the same relation that a member, organ, or fibre, does to the human body, of which it makes a part. And as no member, organ, or fibre of the body, can injure itself without injuring the whole man; so no individual can do wrong to himself, without a consequent wrong to others. Each has duties to perform for the good of common society, and any self-inflicted or self-permitted disabilities that hinder the right performance of these duties, involve a moral wrong."

"Then the case is very clear for my friend Wallingford," said I. "He is a wise man in your sense of the word—wise, in resolutely putting away from his mind the image of one who, if she had been worthy of him, would have taken her place proudly by his side; but, proving herself unworthy, could never afterward be to him more than a friend or stranger. He could not hold her image in his heart, and fondly regard it, without sin; for was she not to be the bride of another? Not without suffering loss of mental power, and life-purpose, and thus injuring others through neglect of duty. It was acting wisely, then, for him to come up, manfully, to the work of drawing back his misplaced affections, and getting them again fully into his own possession. And he has done the work, if I read the signs aright. All honor to his manhood!"

"He has, I see, a warm advocate in you, Doctor," said Mrs. Montgomery, again smiling. "Still, in an affair of the heart, where so much was involved as seemed to be in his case, we can hardly fancy such a matter-of-fact, business-like proceeding as you have described. He might well have been forgiven, if he had shown more weakness of character, and acted even a little unreasonably. I will yield to no one in my regard for manly firmness and self-control, for bravery and endurance. And I have seen these qualities put to some of the severest tests. But in matters of the heart, I must own, that I like to see a man show his weakness. Your Mr. Wallingford is too cool and calculating for me. But, this is irrelevant to our consideration of his qualities as a business agent. For this purpose, I am satisfied that he is fitted in all things essential."

"And that is quite as far as we need go," said I.

"The business in hand," said Mrs. Montgomery, resuming the conversation after a pause, "is of great importance to me, and may require not only a visit to England, but also to the West Indies. Unless evidence of my mother's marriage can be found, there will be, as you know, considerable difficulty in establishing my full right to inherit my brother's property. And my identity as the sister of the late Captain Allen must also be proved. By the will of my father, which is on record, he left all of his property to my brother. He, as far as is known, died intestate. As next of kin, I am the legal heir—but the proof is yet wanting. My mother's cousin, a Colonel Willoughby, of whom we have before spoken, came over from England, on the strength of some vague rumors that reached the family from Jamaica, and was successful in discovering the only survivor of his uncle's family. She saw it best to abandon her husband, as you know. My purpose in sending an agent, versed in legal matters, and used to weighing evidence, is to have such papers of Colonel Willoughby's as the family possess, and will submit for examination, carefully searched, in the hope that some record may be found in his hand writing, sufficiently clear to establish the fact that my mother was the wife of the elder Captain Allen. So important an event as that of searching out my mother, and inducing her to flee from her husband, could hardly have taken place, it seems to me, without evidence of the fact being preserved. And my hope is, that this evidence, if it can be found, will prove of great value. So you see, Doctor, that I have good reasons for wishing to know well the agent who goes abroad with a matter so vital as this in his hands."

I admitted the importance of a thoroughly reliable man to go upon this mission; and repeated my faith in Wallingford.

### CHAPTER XIII.

I saw Mrs. Montgomery a few days afterwards, and inquired if she had seen the young associate of Judge Bigelow. She replied in the affirmative.

"How does he impress you?" I asked.

"Favorably, upon the whole; though," she added, with one of her meaning smiles, "I can't help thinking all the time about the cool, calculating, resolute way in which he went about disentangling himself from an unfortunate love affair. I look at his calm face, over which you rarely see a ripple of feeling go, and ask myself, sometimes, if a heart really beats in his bosom."

"There does; a true, large, manly heart, full of deep feeling; you may be sure of this, madam," I answered, with some warmth.

"I will not gainsay your words, Doctor. I trust, for his sake, that it may be so."

"Leaving out the heart matter, and regarding him only as to his fitness for the work in hand, you are favorably impressed?"

"Quite so. I find him quick of apprehension, intelligent, and of sufficient gravity of deportment to ensure a respectful attention wherever he may go. He made one suggestion that ought to have occurred to me, and upon which I am acting. As no will has been found, it has been assumed that Captain Allen died intestate. Mr. Wallingford suggests that a will may have been executed; and that a thorough search be made in order to discover if one exists. In consequence of this suggestion, Blanche and I have been hard at work for two days, prying into drawers, examining old papers, and looking into all conceivable, and I had almost said, inconceivable places."

"And if you were to find a will?" said I, looking into her earnest face.

"The question would be that much nearer to a solution."

"Is it at all probable that it would be in your favor?"

I saw her start at the query, while her brows closed slightly, as if from a sudden pain. She looked at me steadily, for a few moments, without speaking; then, after a long inspiration, she said:

"Whether in my favor or not, any disposition that he has made of his property, in law and right, must, of course, stand good."

"You might contest such a will, if not in your favor."

She shook her head, compressed her lips firmly, and said:

"No. I should not contest the will. My belief was, when I came here, that he died without making a bequest of any kind, and that his property would go, in consequence, to the heir-at-law. This was the information that I received. If it should prove otherwise, I shall make no opposition."

"Do you intend, under this view, continuing the search for a will?"

Something in my tone of voice touched her unpleasantly. I saw the light in her eyes grow intenser, and her lips arch.

"Why not?" she asked, looking at me steadily.

I could have given another meaning to my question, from the one I intended to convey, had it so pleased me, and thus avoided a probable offence. But I wished to see a little deeper into the quality of her mind, and so used the probe that was in my hand.

"If you find a will, devising the property out of your line, all your present prospects are at an end," said I.

"I know it."

Her voice was firm as well as emphatic.

"Then why not take the other horn of this dilemma? Give up searching for a will that can hardly be in your favor, and go on to prove your title through consanguinity."

"And thus shut my eyes to the probable rights of others, in order to secure a personal advantage? Do you think I would do this, Doctor? If so, you have mistaken me."

There was a tone of regret in her voice.

"Pardon me," I replied. "The suggestion was natural under the circumstances, and I gave it utterance."

"Were you in my place, would you give up the search here?"

She fixed on me a penetrating look.

The probe had changed hands.

"It is difficult," I answered, "for us to say what we would do if we were to change places with another. In my experience, it is easy to see what is right for our neighbor, but very difficult to see the right way for ourselves, when under the allurement of some personal advantage."

"Would it be right in me to give up the search?"

"I think not."

My answer was without hesitation.

"And I will not," she said, firmly. "If my brother has devised his property, I have only to know the terms of his will. If it is against me, well. I shall not oppose its operation."

"It sometimes happens," I suggested, "that a testator is manifestly out of his right mind as to the direction given to his property, and bequeathes in a manner so evidently unwise and improper, that both justice and humanity are served in the act of setting aside the will. And it might prove so in this case."

"I know not how that may be," Mrs. Montgomery answered, soberly, yet firmly. "But this I do know"—she spoke resolutely—"God helping me, I will not stain my hands with gold that, in any legal right, belongs to another. What is clearly mine, I will take and use, as it is my right and duty. But I must be certain that it is mine. If there is no will, I am clear as to who is the owner of this estate; if there is a will, and I and mine are not included in its provisions, I will step aside.—First, however, the obligation to search for a will is imperative; and I shall continue it until clearly satisfied that no such document exists."

What a womanly dignity there was in Mrs. Montgomery as she said this, drawing her tall form up to its full height in speaking—not proudly, but with conscious integrity.

"What is right is always best," I made the remark as well approvingly as in expression of an immutable truth.

"Always, always," she replied, with earnestness. "There is no blinder folly than that of grasping a present worldly good, at the expense of violated justice. Whoever does so, comes out that far wrong in the end. There is only one way that leads to peace of mind; the way of honor and right. All other ways, no matter into what rich harvest fields they may lead in the beginning, terminate in wretchedness. There never has been, and never will be, any exception to this rule. We see its operation daily, turn our eyes whichsoever way we choose. And God forbid that I should deliberately enter the way that leads to ultimate unhappiness! Self-denial in the present is better than gnawing regret in the future.—The good things of this world prove to be curses instead of blessings, unless the mind be rightly adjusted for their enjoyment. And such a right adjustment is impossible where the very fact of their possession involves a moral wrong. I see this so clearly, Doctor, that I shudder inwardly at the bare imagination of committing such a wrong."

"It is by trial that God proves us," said I, "and may He bring you out of this one, should the trial come, as gold from the refiner's furnace."

"Amen!" was her solemnly uttered response; "if it should come, may I be found strong enough to do the right."

For over a week this search for a will was continued, until it was clear to all concerned that no such document was in existence. Then preparation was made for the visit to England, in search of evidence bearing upon the identity of Mrs. Montgomery as the sister of Captain Allen. Two or three months elapsed, however, before Mr. Wallingford could so arrange his business as to be absent for the length of

time it might take to complete his mission.—He sailed for England in June, between three and four months after the marriage of Delia Floyd. He called to see me on the day before leaving, and I had a brief but pleasant talk with him. He was in good health and good spirits, and anticipated a successful visit.

"I shall gain," he remarked, "in two ways by this trip. Professionally and intellectually. I have had many a dream of that land of our forefathers—England—now to be realized. I shall see London, walk its streets, and linger amid its historic places. Don't smile at this almost boyish enthusiasm, Doctor.—London has always been the Mecca of my desires."

I had never seen him so animated. A higher life seemed flowing in his veins. His countenance had a brighter aspect than usual, and his head an erecter carriage. There was a depth of meaning in his eyes never observed before—a look as if some new born hope were lending its inspiration to his soul. Altogether manlier was his aspect and bearing than I had ever seen it.

"God speed your mission," said I, as I shook hands with him in parting.

"If it depends on human agency, directed with earnestness, patience, and will, my mission will have a prosperous result," he replied. "It is to be my first entirely self-reliant experience, and I think the discipline of mind it will involve must strengthen me for higher professional work than any in which I have yet been engaged. You are aware, Doctor, that my heart is in my profession."

"So I have seen from the beginning."

"I will not deny," he added, "that I have ambition. That I wish to be distinguished at the bar."

"An honorable ambition," said I.

"Nor that, sometimes—in moments of weakness, perhaps—my dreams have gone higher. But I am a very young man, and youth is ardent and imaginative," he added.

"And you have this great advantage," I replied, "that, with every year added to your life, you may, if you will, grow wiser and stronger. You stand, as all young minds, at the bottom of a ladder. The height to which you climb will depend upon your strength and endurance."

"If we both live long enough, Doctor, you may see me on the topmost rundle, for I shall climb with unwearying effort."

He spoke with a fine enthusiasm, that lent a manly beauty to his face.

"Climb on," I answered, "and you will rise high above the great mass, who are aimless and indolent. But you will have competitors, few, but vigorous and tireless. In the contest for position that you must wage with these, all your powers will be taxed; and if you reach the topmost rundle to which you aspire, success will be, indeed, a proud achievement."

"I have the will, the ambition, the courage and the endurance, Doctor," was his reply. "So, if I fail, the fault will lie here," and he touched, significantly, his forehead.

"For lack of brains," said I, smiling.

"Yes. The defect will lie there," he answered, smiling in return.

"Brains are remarkable for latent capacity. If stimulated, they develope new powers, and this almost without limit. All they want is to be well supplied with the right kind of food, and well worked at the same time."

"I believe that, Doctor, and find vast encouragement in the thought," and Wallingford laughed pleasantly.

Our parting words were growing voluminous. So we shook hands again, repeated our mutual good wishes and separated. In the afternoon he started for Boston, from whence he sailed, on the next day, for England.

This was towards the latter end of June. He was to write to Mrs. Montgomery immediately on his arrival out, and again as soon as he had obtained an interview with the Willoughby family. Early in August, she received his first letter, which was brief, simply announcing his arrival at Liverpool.

About three weeks after the coming of this letter, I received a note from Mrs. Montgomery asking me to call. On meeting her, I noticed something in her manner that struck me as unusual. She did not smile, as was her wont, when we met, her countenance retaining its usual serious expression. I thought she looked paler, and just a little troubled.

"Thank you for calling so promptly, Doctor," she said. "I am afraid you will think me troublesome. But you have always shown a kindly interest in me, though a stranger; and have proved, in all cases, a sound adviser."

I bowed, and she continued:

"I have a second letter from Mr. Wallingford. He has, he writes, been well received by my relatives, who have placed in his hands, for examination, a large quantity of papers that belonged to Colonel Willoughby."

"If they contain any evidence in the right direction, he will be sure to find it," said I.

"No doubt of that. But"—I thought her voice faltered a little—"the question is solved, and he may return."

"Solved! How?" I asked quickly.

"I have found the will."

"What!"

"I have found the will," she repeated, in a steady tone, "and that solves the question."

"Is it in your favor?" I asked, and then held my breath for a reply. It came in a firmly uttered—

"No."

We looked steadily into each other's face for several moments.

"In whose favor?"

"In favor of Theresa Garcia, his wife," she replied.

"But she is dead," I answered quickly.

"True—but I am not his heir."

She said this resolutely.

"She died childless," said I, "and will not the descent stop with her?—the property reverting to you, as next of kin to Captain Allen?"

"She may have relatives—a brother or sister," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"That is scarcely probable," I objected.

"It is possible; and in order to ascertain the fact, all right means ought to, and must be, taken."

"Where did you find the will?" I inquired.

"Blanche was examining a small drawer in an old secretary, when she accidentally pressed her hand against one side, which yielded. She pressed harder, and it continued to yield, until it was pushed back several inches. On withdrawing this pressure, the side returned to its place. She then tried to see how far it could be forced in. As soon as it had passed a certain point, a secret drawer, set in vertically, sprung up, and from the side, which fell open, the will dropped out."

"It is singular," said I, "that it should come to light just at this time."

"It is Providential, no doubt," Mrs. Montgomery remarked.

"What course will you pursue?" I inquired.

"My first step will be to recall Mr. Wallingford."

"I must take the liberty of a friend, and object to that," said I.

"On what ground?"

"This will may be worth the paper on which it is written, and no more. If the legatee have no relatives, you stand just where you stood before; and will require the evidence as to identity for which Mr. Wallingford is now in search. Oh, no, Mrs. Montgomery; he must not be recalled."

The lady mused for a little while, and then said—

"Perhaps you are right, Doctor."

"I am sure of it," I replied, speaking earnestly. "This will, if we find it, on examination, to be an instrument executed according to legal forms, puts your rights in jeopardy, but by no means sets them aside."

"You take the correct view, no doubt," was her reply to this. Her voice was not so firm as in the beginning. As the probabilities began to show themselves again in her favor, she lost a degree of self-possession.

"Let Mr. Wallingford complete his work," said I, "and find, if possible, the evidence you require, in case you prove to be the legal heir, as I trust you will. And, until his return, the existence of this important document had better remain a secret."

"Shall I not submit it to Judge Bigelow?"

I reflected for some moments, and then replied.

"Yes. He is your legal adviser, and one in whom the highest confidence may be reposed. The will should be at once placed in his hands for examination."

"And go upon record."

"Better leave all to his superior legal judgment. But," as the thought occurred to me, "who are named as the executors of this will?"

"I did not examine as to that; being too much interested in the provisions of the writing," she replied,

"May I see the document?"

"Blanche, dear, you will find it in the right hand drawer of the secretary, in our room." And Mrs. Montgomery handed a key to her daughter, who left the apartment in which we were sitting. She came back in a few minutes, and handed me a paper which, on examination, I found to be written throughout, and evidently by the hand of Captain Allen. It was dated San Juan De Porto Rico, January 10, 1820, and was witnessed by two signatures—the names Spanish. The Executors were Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd. There was an important sentence at the conclusion of the will. It was in these words—"In case my wife, in dying, should leave no relatives, then everything shall revert to my own right heirs, should any be living."

All this gave the affair, in my mind, a more serious aspect. Before mentioning the executor's names, I said—

"Do you know where Theresa Garcia resided, before her marriage with Captain Allen?"

"In Porto Rico, as I have learned from old 'Aunty,' and also from letters found in searching for the will."

"Which I find was executed at San Juan De Porto Rico, the principal town on the island. Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd are the executors."

I saw her start, slightly, and grow a little pale as I said this.

"Judge Bigelow, and Squire Floyd! That is extraordinary!" She was more disturbed than I had yet seen her in reference to this matter.

"It is remarkable, certainly, that Judge Bigelow, your legal adviser, should be one of the executors of a will, which determines your brother's estate out of the line of consanguinity."

"He must, of course, cease to represent my interests in the case," remarked the lady.

"He cannot represent two diverse interests," said I.

"No; that is clear." She said this in a troubled way; and was, evidently, falling into a perplexed state of mind. "Well, Doctor, what is to be done?" She spoke with recovered self-possession, after a short period of silence, looking at me with her old calmness of expression.

I took some moments for reflection, and then said,

"My advice is, to keep your own counsel, and wait until Mr. Wallingford returns from England. Whenever you place this document in the hands of Judge Bigelow, he must go over to the adverse interest; when you will be compelled to seek another legal adviser. You are not just ready for this; nor will be, until after your agent comes back with the result of his investigations. No wrong to any one can possibly occur from letting things remain just as they are for a few months.

"I think your view of the matter, correct, Doctor," was her reply. "And yet, to keep this secret, even for an hour, when I have no right to its possession, touches my conscience. Is it just? This will is not in my favor. It does not even recognize my existence. It devises property, of large value, in another line; and there may be heirs ready to take possession, the moment its existence is made known to them. Am I not intermeddling, unjustly, in the affairs of another?"

"But for you," I replied, "this will might never have seen the light. If heirs exist, they can, therefore, have no just reason for complaint at the brief delay to which, under the circumstances, you are, in common justice, entitled. Your conscience may be over sensitive, Mrs. Montgomery."

"I would rather it were over sensitive than obtuse," she said. "Worldly possessions are desirable. They give us many advantages. We all desire and cling to them. But they are dearly bought at the price of heavenly possessions. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Nothing! It were better for him to die like Lazarus. No, Doctor, I am resolved in this matter to be simply just. If, in justice and right, this estate comes into my hands, I will take the wealth thankfully, and use it as wisely as I can. But I will not throw a single straw in the way of its passing to the legal heirs of my brother's wife if any are in existence and can be found."

"But you will keep this secret until Mr. Wallingford's return?" I urged.

"I do not see that wrong to any one can follow such a delay," she answered. "Yes, I will keep the secret."

"And I will keep it also, even from my good Constance," said I, "until your agent's return. The matter lies sacred between us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859

**TERMS, &c.**

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REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.


## PREDICTIONS.

It is amusing to one whose memory can reach back as far as a single year, to read the predictions of a cold winter which are now being indulged in. It appears that there is considerable commotion out West among the squirrels, and this is construed into an indication that a severe winter is approaching. The St Louis "Express" says:—

"About ten days ago a drove of gray squirrels, numbering hundreds of thousands, suddenly made their appearance on the Merrimac, covering the trees and waters like a pall.—Thousands of them were afterwards found dead in the river and on the ground. They crossed the Mississippi at that point, and worked their way down the river, until on Wednesday they reached Cape Girardeau, crossing the river at that point in countless myriads. The citizens turned out *en masse*, and killed them by hundreds. Every tree and bush in that vicinity swarmed with them until night, when all disappeared, and have not been heard of since. Their route was marked as by a devastating storm. Trees were girdled and fields destroyed. Old French settlers predict a very severe winter, as it was noticed in 1834 and '52 that immense droves of squirrels suddenly made their appearance, followed by intensely severe weather."

Now the most reasonable way of explaining the above migration, would seem to us to be this. We have not the least idea that squirrels can foretell what kind of weather we are going to have for a week in advance—but we have no doubt that they can tell when they have very little to eat, just as readily as more intelligent beings. Probably, therefore, the district of country where these squirrels are migrating from, is short of nuts this year, and, driven by hunger, the squirrels are taking their course for more favored regions. The girdling of the trees, would seem to favor the idea that nuts were not very plentiful along their route either.

We remember a year or so ago, that we had a similar prediction of a hard winter, based on the fact that the squirrels were laying up such unusually large quantities of nuts. The winter, however, was by no means a rigorous one. The true explanation of the excessive stores of nuts was probably the simple one that nuts were very plenty that year. Probably the squirrels knew enough to cause them to take advantage of a favorable season—and it is evident that even if they worked no harder than usual, the result, owing to the plenty, would be greater.

That the coming winter may be a hard one, is not at all unlikely—but that the squirrels have any instinct relative thereto we do not believe. If it can be shown that the districts they have left are full of food for them, we shall have a little more faith than now in their alleged ability to discern the future.

THACKERAY ON WASHINGTON.—We are amused in reading certain discussions upon Thackeray's opinion of Washington—whether Thackeray treats Washington fairly in his novel, "The Virginians," &c. We are amused, because it is a matter of such infinitesimal importance what Mr. Thackeray thinks of Washington—so far as Washington and his fame are concerned. The only importance the question has, is for Mr. Thackeray himself. In an age when mere literary ability—or the ability to say smart or bitter things—is so unduly valued above its merits, certainly the crowning stupidity is to attach any importance to the opinion which Mr. Thackeray, or any other mere "popular novelist," forms and expresses of a man like Washington, whose high thoughts and heroic, unselfish deeds have made him one of the great examples of the world.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 198—Adults 99, and children 99.

## COMMON SCOLDS.

We perceive that a Mrs. Nancy Stevenson was recently tried at Anderson, South Carolina, on the charge of being "a common scold." After an argument by Mr. Orr, who quoted a decision in this State, that such an offence was "not indictable as a crime in Pennsylvania," the Judge quashed the indictment against Mrs. Stevenson, on the ground that that portion of the common law was obsolete in South Carolina.

We think it is a very fortunate thing for certain parties, that this offence of being common scolds is no longer an indictable one—for common scolding is by no means an obsolete custom. In fact, so far from this being the case, it is nowadays practised quite as much by men as women——however it may have been in days gone by. For instance, what a large proportion of those orators who make the speeches at our political meetings, and the editors who write party leaders, might fairly be indicted as mere common scolds. A political speech or essay is often nothing more than a simple calling of bad names; and if that be not common scolding, we know not what is.

As the coming year, being that of the Presidential election, is one peculiarly trying to the common scolds of politics, we would caution them now, while they are yet comparatively calm and cool, to strive to guard themselves against their natural infirmities of voice and temper. We, who intend sailing in the placid seas of literature, may properly give this advice to our political contemporaries of all parties. Argue and persuade like reasonable men and women, gentlemen politicians, but do not fume and berate like common scolds. Depend upon it you will only suffer with sensible voters by "tearing your passion to tatters," and thus showing of what flimsy and worthless materials it is made.

ONE OF THE LIQUOR AGENTS.—A Mr. George P. Burnham, State Liquor Agent in Massachusetts, is accused of *manufacturing* the liquors sold by him to the town agents throughout the State—making pure Cognac brandy, worth $7 a gallon, out of spirits which cost about eighty cents, and cheating in a proportionate ratio throughout the list of supplies. He claims that the coloring matter used in the mixture, was furnished by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the State Assayer.

It seems that Mr. George P. Burnham is the same individual who published a book some years ago in imitation of Barnum's, showing how he had deceived his fellow citizens as one of the prominent actors in the great Shanghai and Cochin China chicken humbug. That the author of such a book could be appointed to such a responsible office, is another proof of the low estate to which politics has fallen in these latter days.

Apropos to such cases as the above, the very just decision was recently made in this State, that in cases where any liquor is sold as a genuine article, and is found to be an adulterated one, the seller cannot recover the amount of his bill at law. We trust that this decision, if imitated in other States, may prove something of a check to the abominable adulterations which are now so general, and which ruin the health of so many. We are convinced that a large proportion of the mischief resulting from the use of liquors nowadays, is the work of the mischievous drugs with which they are almost universally adulterated.

COLORED DAGUERREOTYPES.—The daguerreotype art will have reached perfection when pictures can be taken in the colors of life. We have not actually gained that point yet, but we have gained it to all effects and purposes, as any one may see who will look at the Crystalographs, or miniatures in oil, executed by the Messrs. Marchant, of this city, specimens of which may be seen at their studio, on the north-east corner of Locust and Eighth streets, or at Root's gallery, below Ninth, on Chestnut. In these remarkable portraits, there is all the linear accuracy of the ordinary photograph, with the softness, delicacy and brilliancy of color of a fine picture on ivory. In fact, we would much prefer one of these crystalographs to a picture by any modern miniature painter, and the best specimens of them may bear a favorable comparison, in point of artistic beauty, with the famous miniatures by Malbone.—Besides, they have an expressional and featural accuracy which is seldom attained by any save an artist of eminence. The color and character of the eye, the texture and tints of the skin, the contour of the features—in a word, all the details that contribute to a perfect likeness, are rendered with absolute fidelity. Then, too, the price. For one-fourth, perhaps one-eighth, of the sum you would pay for a miniature, you can get one of these portraits, equal, to say the least, to the best work of the miniature painter. But let our friends see for themselves. One of the finest specimens is on exhibition at Mr. Root's gallery, on Chestnut above Ninth, and several others, one of them an admirable portrait of the Hon. Marshall Wilder, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, may be seen at the Messrs. Marchant's studio.

THE BOX STORY.—The secret of the box story seems to be out at last. It was not a palanquin in which our Minister to China went to Pekin, but more probably a vehicle which the Chinese call a chariot, and in which the American ambassador and Commodore Tatnall visited the Governor of a Chinese province. A Chinese chariot is described as follows:—

At the jetty carriages were found in readiness for Mr. Ward and his party; and such carriages! It added to their ludicrousness, that we had been told they would be chariots! It was tolerably patent that they were not such as those of olden time, in which warriors fought and royalty and nobility rode. The body was about 6 feet long by 3 wide, and 4 high from the floor to the top inside. The entrance was in the front, the Minister, Commodore and all, being obliged to climb over the shaft, and then climbing in head foremost, adjust body, arms, and legs, according to the space they had to occupy.

Then crawling in upon all fours, the Hon. Ambassador, with his portfolio full of documents, and the President's autograph letter to his imperial majesty Hien-fung, "the Son of Heaven," and our gallant Commodore after him at his side, encumbered with sword, epaulettes, and chapeau! What could appear more undignified and ludicrous, if not designed for the keenest insult? But not only are there more things in heaven, but more on earth, than either our western philosophy or fancy has dreamt of. This butcher's cart of a vehicle was a chariot in the eyes of the Chinese, alike of the governors, mandarins, and peasants, though not unlike the one in which Sisera fought, and royalty, going on excursions, was wont to conceal itself from the gaze of mortals. The reception was designed to be most honorable to Mr. Ward and the Commodore, and will make, doubtless, a brilliant page in the annals of the Celestials.

As there were no seats in the vehicles they were content, or rather obliged to seat themselves on the floor, which, however, was comfortably cushioned, with body and legs at right angles. To add to the remembrance of these state coaches, if not to the pleasure of their motion, the shafts rest on the axle without springs, and the tires of the wheels, instead of the even surface of the American, have projections, like the cogs in a wheel! The constant jolting of such a vehicle is of course anything but agreeable. It was drawn by a mule instead of a horse, which, however, was in good condition, and harnessed in European and American style, and whose driver walked by his side.

The gentlemen tumbled and crowded into these dens, as they might well be called, amidst a great crowd of Chinese men and boys, there being not a woman to be seen, many of whom very probably were gazing upon white men for the first time. It must be added, to their credit, that intense as was their interest and curiosity, all conducted with extreme propriety. It was pleasant to observe the kindly forbearance of the police officers, armed simply with bamboos, when the crowd, and especially the boys, pressed a little beyond the prescribed line of approach. They struck the ground on each side of the transgressor, but carefully avoided inflicting a blow on him. Indeed, good nature, and, if we consider the class composing the crowd, good manners pervaded the whole, proving that, notwithstanding the violent antipathies all foreigners at first contract when they come in contact with the Chinese, they have fine innate qualities which would command admiration had they the appropriate culture and scope for development.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."—The American weekly re-issue of Mr. Dickens's periodical has been suspended, and only monthly numbers are to be hereafter given. In consequence of this change, we shall be hereafter indebted to Harper's Weekly for the weekly instalments of "A Tale of Two Cities"—a story in which the interest of late has greatly deepened.

WASHINGTON AND EVERETT.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Messrs. O. H. Bailey & Co., respecting their new engravings of Washington and the Hon. Edward Everett.

# New Publications.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

Take readers as they go, and for the mass of them there is nothing under the sun like "sensation stories," if the stories and the "sensation" in them are at all good. It is, of course, very fine to sneer at the sensational element in the novel, but nature is more than criticism—"the sense is a better judge than the art"—and somehow people will like to read things that make the brain glow, and the blood stir. The poet of Human Nature understood it, and what play in the whole Shakspeare drama is there in which the sensational element does not lance the lines with its glittering fire?

But to return to our "muttons." A volume of "sensation stories"—just the kind that so many people like—vivid, graphic, picturesque, exciting—is before us, entitled WILD SCENES ON THE FRONTIERS, or, HEROES OF THE WEST, by EMERSON BENNETT. Stories of border heroism, of backwoodsmen's desperate death-grapples with the red men, of scouts on the trail, of Indian onslaughts on the lonely block-house in the forest, of terrific desperado duels, of fights with the "bars" and the "painters," of gamblers outwitting and outwitted, and of all sorts of things connected with wild frontier life, make up the volume. Mr. Bennett is a popular author, and this volume will be found equal to all his readers expect of him.

SWORD AND GOWN is a new novel by the author of "Guy Livingstone." (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) Such novels are the mint juleps of literature. They go to the brain like the herb-flavored brandy. Now the liquor is of good quality. The mint is fresh and spicy. The ice is pure silver from Wenham Lake. The sugar is refined and crystalized. Yet, on the whole it may be questioned whether mint julep is an altogether healthy beverage. So, too, we may ask whether such novels as "Sword and Gown," and "Guy Livingstone," are entirely wholesome reading. It would be unfair to deny their literary merit, or their absorbing interest, and it is no ordinary power that can hew out for us such a splendid statuesque sinner as Royston Keene, "the cool Captain" of the later novel, or cast such a light of pathos on the bronze grandeur of that marred and magnificent manhood. Royston Keene is a modern Lancelot—the type, too, of a class in England, well represented in that band of profligate heroes that rode so gaily down to certain death in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Cecil Treasilian, too, is a representative figure—one of a class of superb and martial beauties, fit mate for such eagles, and of such the mother. In fact, whatever its faults, the novel gives a genuine picture of the feelings, manners and character of one kind of people in a rank of London life.

GOLD FOIL, HAMMERED FROM POPULAR PROVERBS, is the quaint title of a volume of essays by Timothy Titcomb, who, we suppose, is Dr. Holland, of the *Springfield Republican*. (C. Scribner, New York.) The title, we fear, is only half-true. Mr. Titcomb, though no doubt he hammered upon gold, has certainly beat a good deal of *tin* foil out of it. His views are often narrow, picayunish, inconsistent, and one-sided, as well as intolerant, uncharitable, and unjust. Yet there is a great deal of shrewd good sense, good feeling, and good counsel in the volume, and young people and old, may read many of its pages with profit. The diction is pure and plain, and graced here and there with apt illustration and genial fancy. Altogether, Mr. Titcomb seems a sage old fellow, with much homely wisdom, though it sometimes slips into cant and petrifies into prejudices.

The second volume of the splendid new edition of THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS by RAWLINSON, is just issued. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) It is an edition, as we have said before, which makes all previous ones valueless in comparison. Maps, illustrations, and a vast array of notes, assist and explain the text, and all the chief results of modern discovery respecting the countries of which Herodotus treats, are added. The work itself is, as every one knows, one of the clearest mirrors of the old time.

An interesting and valuable book of popular science is THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE, by GEORGE HENRY LEWES, one of the most brilliant scientific men in England, and the author of at least two works of importance. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The reader who takes up this volume will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is to receive information from a man who can be relied on as an authority.—Pity that there are not more such, and that so many people in this country are led into quagmires of ignorance and pits of disease by following the jack-o-lantern gleams of that wretched crew of itinerant physiologists who flicker and glimmer all over the land.

Our good friend, Mr. T. S. ARTHUR, puts forth a new story, called LILLY GLENN, OR THE TRIALS OF A SEAMSTRESS, an attractive title, full of promise, as the book is of performance. (T. B. Peterson, Phila.) In THE SEA OF ICE, OR, THE ARCTIC ADVENTURERS, by PERCY B. ST. JOHN (Mayhew & Baker, Boston,) we have a capital story for the boys, and good to help them realize their geography also. And apropos of the boys, we have a new UNIVERSAL SPEAKER, edited by Messrs. Calkins and Adams (Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston,) full of well-selected speeches, dialogues and recitations for declamation and parlor theatricals.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY. G. G. Evans, Philada.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD. By JOHN GILLIES, D. D., with an Introduction by C. E. Stone, D. D. Leary, Getz & Co., Philada.

LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR. By DMAN LUDDELL, D. D. Sheldon & Co., New York.

LIFE OF VICTORIA COLONNA. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. By CUTHBERT BEDE. Rudd & Carleton, New York.

TRIAL OF COOK—IMPORTANT MEASURES.—The Richmond (Va.) correspondent of the Herald says:—

"I am informed to-day that it is the intention to try Cook, the Harper's Ferry rebel, in the United States District Court for that district. This course has been determined upon with a view to compel the attendance of Seward, Greeley, Wilson, Howe, and other outsiders, who are suspected of complicity in the late insurrection. If, in the progress of the trial, their guilt as aiders or abettors shall be established, the probability is that they will be assigned positions in the dock beside Cook, and subjected to the same ordeal that led to the majority of them being brought forward as witnesses. The list to be summoned will embrace every individual, wheresoever he may reside, whose name has been identified with this movement in any connection, however remote. As to their appearance in obedience to the summons, that must be presumed as certain, inasmuch as it is a question involving the ability of the Federal Government to enforce obedience to its summons. This is the only means to insure a full development of the origin and progress of this movement, and of the relations to it of the prominent men of other States, whose moral complicity, at least, has been already fixed. It will prove the most interesting and important trial in the criminal annals of this country.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—At the election in Baltimore eight men were shot and one of them killed. Both "Reformers" and "Americans" charge upon each other a systematic attempt to take possession of the polls. Whichever began it, the "Americans" remained master of the field, and elected their candidates by a large majority. The incompetence or dereliction of the City Authorities was grossly manifested. They should have kept the polls clear, and secured to every citizen the exercise of his rights.

The Congressional Delegation will stand as before—three Democrats and three Americans. The Democrats will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. Twenty-seven Americans and forty-seven Democrats are elected to the House, and ten Americans and twelve Democrats to the Senate. One District is yet to be heard from. The Americans had a majority of fourteen in the House last year. The Americans carry the State ticket.

EXTINCT FAMILIES.—Mr. Robert Stephenson leaves no family behind him. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the eminent English engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted British inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius, like many of those famous in literature, science and government in Great Britain, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop Butler, Locke, Hobbs, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others well known to fame in British annals, have no lineal representatives now living.

DISCOVERY OF MORE MAMMOTH TREES.—A grove of mammoth trees, even larger than those of Calaveras, which have become so celebrated as California wonders, has been discovered in an unfrequented part of Mariposa county. The largest tree in the Calaveras group was one hundred and five feet in circumference. In this more recently discovered grove a tree was found measuring one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference. The grove contains six hundred of these monsters, none others of them, perhaps, quite so large, but all of them of approximate proportions. These trees grow on the south fork of the Merced river, about thirty miles southeast of the town of Mariposa. One of the trees, one hundred feet from the ground, has a circumference of sixty-six feet, and a branch measuring eighteen feet in circumference.—*California Paper.*

FREE-LOVE EXODUS TO CENTRAL AMERICA.—A company of free-lovers, led by a Dr. Tyler, are about to leave San Francisco for Central America. Their agent purchased from the San Salvado government a tract of some 50,000 acres of good arable land, at 12½ cents per acre, or $6,250. We are not aware how many free-lovers there are in this society, but we learn that about twenty of them, together with Dr. Tyler, will sail for San Salvado to-day in the schooner San Diego. We are also informed that one of their number is the same gentleman who recently sold a fine homestead in Alameda county to Governor Weller at a very low price. He is said to be worth $40,000—all of which sum he has thrown into the common fund for the equal benefit of those belonging to the association.—*San Francisco Paper.*

☞ The green turf is the poor man's carpet, and God weaves the colors.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE WINE-HARVEST—A NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH—HYGIENIC MATCHES—AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE.

PARIS, *Oct.* 13, 1859.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

The vintage, with its accompaniments of bands of laborers going about from province to province, as the grapes ripen in the various wine-growing localities, its heavily-laden carts of grapes, its bare-footed *pressers*, "treading" the rich fruit into a pulp, its enormous vats, its mountains of hogsheads, its songs, dances, balls and merry-makings, is now going on all over the country of the plant "that maketh glad the heart of man." Unfortunately, the accidents which seem to occur during this period, almost as a matter of course, from the noxious gases that rise from the fermenting vats at a certain period of the process of wine-making, have been unusually frequent this year, and we hear, almost daily, of men being found dead in the wine-vats, suffocated by these deadly fumes. A subject not agreeable to contemplate, firstly, because such a death is in itself a painful matter to think of; and secondly, because, as one's eyes falls on the too-numerous paragraphs recording these facts, one's mind involuntarily glances at the future destination of the contents of the vat from whose rosy contents the bodies of the hapless victims of the art dear to Noah are stated to have been rescued. All trades have their mysteries; could we see all the varied desecrations which competent witnesses declare that "the staff of life" undergoes before it reaches the parlor table, it is tolerably certain that we should find it difficult to eat it; and from particulars gleaned from friends conversant with the peculiarities of the wine-growing districts, I am inclined to think the same might be said of the noble beverage therein prepared. But as those who declare they have witnessed the various horrors in question, appear to regard them as in no way capable of affecting the quality of the wine, which they assert to possess an inexhaustible property of "purifying itself" in the course of the fermentation which it undergoes, it is probably better not to enter too closely on an investigation which is only likely to lead to associations of ideas little calculated to enhance one's satisfaction when imbibing one's daily modicum of Burgundy or Bordeaux. From friends of mine who own one-third of the precious vineyards from which the famous Chambertin wine is procured, I learn that the crop is small this year, but of superior quality. As its rarity will enhance the price of this wine, the gain to the owners will be as great as was the unusually large crop of last year; and they are spared the agonies of the wild dashes over the country in search, at the last moment, of the additional hands and casks which are needed whenever the yield turns out to be greater than was expected; and which, last year, drove them nearly beside themselves with fatigue and anxiety.

From wine to oysters seems rather an abrupt transition, notwithstanding their close proximity on the table of the *gourmet*; but the latter, thanks to the zeal with which the French are turning their attention to the renewal of the old oyster-beds, and the creation of new ones, are becoming so valuable an element of the national wealth of this country, that they may fairly be mentioned in connection with its lucrative growth of wine. M. Coste—whose services in the department of the artificial raising of fish have been so great, and who is at the head of the efforts made by the Government in this direction—has been charged with the mission of viewing all the French oyster-beds, and reporting on the value of the different means employed for their improvement.—It appears from this investigation that the most successful raiser of oysters is M. de Bon, Commissary of the Marine at St. Servan, in Brittany, and recipient of a silver medal recently awarded to him at Rennes, by the Agricultural Society of that place, which appears not to consider the precious mollusc as beyond the pale of its fostering care. It is stated that M. de Bon has succeeded in forming, in the river Rance, oyster-beds which, since 1855, have yielded an annual revenue of from $7,000 to $8,000; an enormous sum to the people of so poor a region. The apparatus used by M. de Bon is a modification of that invented by M. Coste, (described in my letter of Jan. 20,) a kind of wooden framework, similar to that in use for screening stones and sand, being used instead of the branches of trees employed by M. Coste. A certain number of these frames are placed at a distance of less than a foot over the beds, and around them, about the end of May, and soon become covered with myriads of young oysters, which, by the end of the year, attain a diameter of three-quarters of an inch. The expense of covering an oyster-bed of ordinary dimensions would not amount to more than three dollars; an outlay noteworth a thought in comparison with the value of the result obtained.

The paternal government which the French have given themselves, and on which they are accustomed to rely for so much that the Anglo-Saxon peoples prefer to do for themselves, has just been employing the Academy of Sciences to look into the subject of the chemical matches so much in use here, and to report on the nature and dangers of the same. Three kinds of matches have been submitted to the Academy, and, after careful examination, have been pronounced harmless. The first of these are the *Hygienic Matches*, manufactured by Coignet Brothers, who have bought the patent from Albright, the English inventor; the second are the *Androgynous Matches* of Villiers and Dalemagne; the third the *Chemical Matches* of Canouil. The first are made of a paste of chlorate of potassa, sulphurate of antimony, and a glutinous matter, applied to the brimstone end of the match; a rough lid to the box which holds them (the coating consisting of some glutinous matter and red amorphous phosphorus), roughened with powdered glass, is necessary to the ignition of the matches, which will not take fire unless rubbed briskly on this lid.

The androgynous matches are the same as those just described, with the difference that the red phosphorus is at the other end of the match, which is broken in two, and its two ends rubbed together in order to be ignited. Both these matches are a vast improvement on those hitherto used, being quite innocuous, and only igniting upon compulsion. M. Canouil's matches contain no deleterious substance, being composed of chlorate of potassa, sulphuret of antimony, minium, and gelatine. The Report of the Academy—drawn up at the instance of the Minister of War, who is uneasy at the constant risk of fire occasioned by the use of the ordinary matches, remarks on "the perverseness of the public which, against their manifest interest, prefer matches which ignite without being rubbed on a lid specially prepared for that purpose, and recommends all the three sorts just enumerated as equally safe and harmless. The Minister of War has accordingly authorised the use of them in the offices of his department, absolutely forbidding the introduction of any others. When it is considered that not a week passes in this country without one or more buildings, granaries, or yards of hay-ricks being burned; and one or more children being killed by accidents resulting from the use of the ordinary matches, the importance of the subject is apparent. Moreover, the preparation of the old matches is one of the deadliest of all trades, all who work at it being affected with caries of the bones of the face, resulting in hideous deformities, great suffering, and premature death; the work people in the match factories often carrying in their pockets large pieces of their jaw-bones, which they display to visitors as a means of extracting alms. The manufacture of the three new kinds of matches, on the contrary, is in no way injurious to the health of the workpeople who make them.

The professional labors of the army of somnambulists who profess to be ready to enlighten the minds of inquirers at so many francs the "consultation," are going on here as busily as ever; some of them, in conjunction with the "Doctors" to whose offices they are attached, making large incomes out of the public trustfulness. An incredulous friend of mine, who had heard much of the table-turnings and kindred mysteries of the day, but who had never been able to witness any of these wonders, being very inquisitive on the subject, contrived to get himself invited, a short time ago, to the house of one of his acquaintance, where "a circle" was going to meet for the purpose of "getting communications" by means of a pencil, placed in a little machine invented for that office, which is believed by the "initiated" to write of itself when a "circle" is duly formed about the table on which it is placed. Count de T——— having waited till he began to be tired, and no "communications" having been obtained, contrived so to move the table round which the "circle" was seated, and in such a way as to make the pencil write a few words in German. The Count's handwriting is a precious scrawl, even in French; his German is simply detestable, scarcely legible in fact. The appearance of the mysterious scratches was hailed with enthusiasm, but the "circle" was uncertain as to what tongue they were written in. One declared the strange characters to be Arabic, another Hebrew, a third suggested Chinese, a fourth, Russian. Count de T——— appealed to for his opinion, held the paper in various lights, suggested German, and was able to gratify the company with the very words employed, and also with their French equivalents. The communication set the "circle" into a state of rapture; and the following week, when the same set met again at the house of another of its members, the Count contrived to be present. After listening to the enthusiastic accounts of the writing at the previous meeting, he was cruel enough not only to destroy their illusion on the matter by avowing what he had done, but getting them to sit round the table, he again made the pencil write, showing them how he managed the trick. A magnetizer was present on this occasion, with a clairvoyant, whom he had promised to put to sleep, the clairvoyant being one in much renown, and considered a miracle of lucidity. After many attempts to throw his "subject" into the magnetic state, the magnetizer declared it to be impossible to do so on that occasion; much to the disappointment of the host, and his guests, who had counted on the wonders to be performed by the clairvoyant as a certain remedy for the skepticism of the German-writing visitor. Count de T———, who was perfectly convinced that the clairvoyant was a sharp young rascal, "humbugging" all whom he thought he could make his victims, took an opportunity in the course of the evening of holding a brief conference with him, at a moment when the rest of the guests were too much absorbed in their attentions to the table to take any note of what might be going on in another part of the room.

"Why would you not let yourself be put to sleep?" he inquired of the clairvoyant, in a low voice. "The whole affair being clearly a *blague*,—come now, *entre nous*, you will not deny that the whole thing is a humbug?—why not gratify the company with a little specimen of your skill?"

The clairvoyant, seeing that the Count had perfectly divined the truth, gave him a knowing look, and the latter proceeded to urge him to let himself be "put to sleep," and then to assume an air of terror, and declare that an unhappy spirit, needing the prayers of the living, was a denizen of the cellar of the house they were in. "Just you play your part as I am sure you can play it," added the Count, in conclusion, "and leave the rest to me."

The clairvoyant promised to do as he was requested, and the Count, slipping out of the room, chose out a tall fellow among the servants (being intimate with the master of the house, he had no difficulty in inducing the footman to second the project), wrapped him up in a sheet, and made him go down into the wine-cellar, and hide behind a lot of barrels that stood in one corner, with orders to raise himself sepulchrally from his lurking-place, at a certain signal from himself. The door of the cellar was then locked, and the Count returned to the drawing-room.

Before long, he addressed himself to the magnetizer, and urged him to make another attempt to send the clairvoyant to sleep.

"He is probably in a better state now," urged the Count: "I am exceedingly desirous to witness some phenomena of this nature, which I have never yet had the satisfaction of seeing; and have a strong presentiment that if you should make another attempt, you would succeed."

The rest of the company joining their entreaties to those of the Count, the magnetizer consented, the clairvoyant seated himself in a delicious arm-chair, and the company soon had the satisfaction of seeing him apparently in a profound sleep. Breathless and impatient, they waited for some proof of his lucidity; nor did they wait in vain. In the course of a few minutes the clairvoyant (who performed his part with consummate skill,) became agitated, tossed his head from side to side, threw out his arms as though repelling some hideous object, and after various cries and gestures indicative of horror, exclaimed,

"He is in the cellar! the unhappy! the wretched one! There! there! do you not see him? In the cellar, awaiting the action of your prayers for his deliverance, will you not grant them? Alas! he cannot taste the repose of the grave, but is doomed to linger on until some Christian souls have pity on him!" Here emotion and horror seemed to get the better of the clairvoyant, who became frightfully agitated, and then relapsed into such a state of exhaustion that the magnetizer lost no time in "waking" him from his painful and exhausting trance.

Great excitement followed this scene; and it was at length decided that the boldest of the party should go down to the cellar in a body to test the truth of the vision. A lady, who loudly professed her disbelief in ghosts, was urged by the Count to "go first," but stoutly declined doing so, until, the latter declaring that if she refused this post, her doing so would be considered as proving that her incredulity was only affected, she reluctantly consented to head the procession; a feat which no one else in the whole company could be got to undertake. Taking a couple of candles, the procession went down to the cellar, drawing back at the door, and then, urged on by the quizzings of the Count, making a desperate bolt into the dark void before them. Having finished a hasty inspection, and feeling their spirits rising at the absence of anything suspicious, the party were about to retire, when, at the preconcerted signal, up rose a long, white, shadowy something, down went the candles, and a chorus of shrieks and screams brought all the rest of the household to the cellar.

Loud was the discussion that now arose. The new-comers declaring the thing to be "absurd," the "effects of fancy," &c., and charging the unfortunate lady who had been the first to espy the phantom with having been imposed upon by her own terrors; while she as stoutly maintained that she had positively seen "something white" in a certain corner.

"The only way to satisfy ourselves of the truth of this strange affair," interposed the Count, "is to begin again, and to make a thorough examination of the cellar." So the search was resumed, the ladies being hysterical, and the gentlemen not a little nervous and excited. As they neared the pile of casks, uprose again, slowly, and solemnly, the tall white spectre. The shrieks began again, louder than ever, and both ladies and gentlemen were rushing from the cellar in a paroxysm of terror, when the Count, leaping past them, and barring the doorway with his arms, called on the hobgoblin, as well as his convulsive laughter would permit, to come forward, and show himself. The dreaded spectre thereupon threw off his sheet, disclosing the well-known livery of the house; and the mystery was cleared up to the satisfaction of all except the magnetizer, who was furious at the trick put upon him by his *affidé*, and the lady who did not believe in ghosts, but who had been thrown into a paroxysm of terror that might not improbably have had a serious effect upon her health. However, the Count being an old friend of hers, he contrived to mollify her resentment by urging on her that, had she been really as incredulous as she pretended, she would not have been so ready to believe the footman to be a spectre, but would have examined the matter more closely, and have discovered the joke. As for the clairvoyant, being dismissed next day by his "boarkeeper," he came with a piteous face to the Count, wildly reproaching him with having caused him (the clairvoyant) to lose an "excellent place," and thereby depriving him of his bread. The Count thereupon gave him a little lecture on the immorality of such a way of life, telling him that his pretended powers being only a sham, his mesmerizer must have found out the trick some day or other, and would then have dismissed him as he had now done; but being both kindhearted and generous, he wound up his homily by presenting the ex-clairvoyant with three bright golden *louis*, which caused the poor devil's face to shorten considerably, and sent him off with, we will charitably hope, intentions of amended life for the future.

QUANTUM.

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HORACE MANN.—It has been frequently stated, and generally believed, that Horace Mann had been so deeply interested in the cause of education as to neglect to secure sufficient property to educate his children. The very reverse of this, says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, is true. No such folly can be laid at the door of the distinguished scholar. Since he has been a resident of Ohio he has managed his own pecuniary affairs with great ability, and quite astonished his friends by the sagacity and foresight displayed in some of his investments. During his residence in the west, he largely increased his property; and his estate at a recent valuation was regarded as worth eighty thousand dollars, besides seventeen thousand dollars' worth of property in Massachusetts. This, certainly, is amply sufficient to educate his children.

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FOR THE GIRLS.—The mode of arranging the hair for young ladies in Paris, styled *l'Imperatrice*, is now slightly modified. The hair is parted down the middle of the forehead, arranged in rich bandeaus, and then wound round the head in a double plait, forming a diadem; on the back of the head is placed a large velvet bow, with long ends.

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RICHMOND, Nov. 4.—Gov. Wise has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $500 each, for the arrest of the following named fugitive insurgents:—Owen Brown, Barclay, Coppoe, Merriam and Tidd.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

REPORTED TROUBLE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND—SPAIN DECLARES WAR AGAINST MOROCCO—COTTON IMPROVING—WHEAT ADVANCED, &c., &c.

The North American, at Farther Point, below Quebec, on the 6th, brings foreign advices to the 26th ult.

Nothing had transpired in regard to the proceedings of the Zurich Conference, or in relation to the treaties of peace.

Spain has issued a declaration of war against Morocco.

Rumors are afloat of troubles likely to disturb the relations between France and England.

The Paris correspondents of the London journals indulge in gloomy forebodings. The correspondent of the London Herald states plainly that the impression has gained ground that a rupture between France and England is imminent.

The Paris Constitutionnel, in an article by the senior editor, replying to the assertions of the English press, that the policy of the Emperor had left a state of political incertitude in Europe, states what the aim of the Emperor was in the beginning, compares it with the advantages gained, and accuses the English journals of inconsistency.

Several of the French Provisional journals have published simultaneously violent articles against England, which are known to have been supplied by a government official. In these England is warned that an hour of trial approaches which may put an end to her greatness forever.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post asserts that negotiations are going on to complete the arrangements for a joint expedition against China. The correspondent of the London Herald, on the other hand, repeats the statement formerly made, that the preparations by France are suspended.

The Moniteur de l'Armee states that the Chinese Commander at Peiho has been made Generalissimo of the Chinese armies and a Mandarin of the first class.

Sir J. Dean Paul and Strahan, the ex-London Bankers, have been released by a pardon, after enduring four years' penal servitude.

The first battalion of the military train for China are under orders to depart by the overland route.

The strike among the London builders continued telling seriously against the men who remained idle. They have resolved to appeal to the public for aid in supporting their families. Recent returns show an excessive mortality among the families of the unemployed operatives, and there is reason to fear that many will perish from want and disease.

There had been heavy frosts and considerable snow in England.

Parliament has been prorogued to December the 15th.

The accounts from the French manufacturing districts are generally unfavorable.

The Paris flour market is firm; wheat is heavy and difficult to sell. Brandies are higher throughout France.

Inundations have recently occurred in the South of France, and caused much damage to life and property.

General Bedeau and Dr. Laudesat have returned to France under the amnesty declared by the Emperor.

The London Shipping Gazette of the 24th, says that there is reason to believe that there will be no war between Spain and Morocco, the Moors having made the required concessions.

Accounts from different parts of Spain continue to speak of great preparations for war, and troops are collecting in every part, destined for Africa. A Paris despatch states that Gen. O'Donnell had started.

A Paris letter in *Le Nord*, asserts that Lord Palmerston has declared to the French Ambassador that England would not suffer Spain to occupy both sides of the Straits, and will oppose it by force. The English Cabinet, it is said, will make the question an European one.

The London Times is of the opinion that any danger to Europe or the British possession of Gibraltar from the Spanish enterprise against Morocco is absurd, but an attack by France on the independence of Morocco, and an attempt to annex it to Algeria, would justify the strongest remonstrance in behalf of Europe.

THE LATEST.—The London Times Paris correspondent says that the conversation between Lord Palmerston and the French Ambassador as reported in Le Nord, causes much emotion at Paris. While the French government had asserted that it would not change its policy as regards Morocco, Spain had repeated its disavowal of the ambitious project attributed to her.

The Paris correspondent of the London News is assured that M. Mon had sent a dispatch to say that England no longer opposed the expedition against Morocco.

ITALY.—The Pope returned to Rome on the 20th. A great crowd assembled to witness his passage through the city. At the conference between the Pope and the French Ambassador, it was stated that the ordinances granting administrative reforms are ready and will soon be published.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Oct. 25.—Cotton closed firm with an advancing tendency for clean descriptions, but the authorized quotations are not varied from those of Friday last.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable, and the market closed quiet, but steady. Yarns for the East are in rather better demand.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for Breadstuffs closed steady. Wheat exhibits an advancing tendency, and the quotations show an advance of 1d. Messrs. Bigland, Athya & Co. quote Flour steady and unchanged: Wheat advanced 1d., with an improved demand; Corn quiet and steady, notwithstanding the excessive supply. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote Wheat firm, with buyers at 4s. 1d.

PROVISIONS.—The market closed steady.

PRODUCE.—Spirits Turpentine dull at 35s@35s 3d; Sugar steady; Coffee dull; Rice dull. Tallow 59s 6d. Linseed Oil 27s 9d@28s.

LONDON MARKETS, Oct. 25.—Wheat closed firm, and holders demand an advance, but it is not obtained. Sugar steady; Coffee firm; Tea is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered; Rice closed firm. Pig Iron, on the Clyde, dull at 51s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Oct. 25.—The Money market is slightly more stringent. Consols closed at 95¼@95⅝ for money and account. Illinois Central Railroad 37¾ discount. N Y Central Railroad 70@72.

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THE TREATY OF PEACE.—A Zurich despatch of the 18th says:—"The principal points of the Treaty of Peace between France and Austria, signed by the Plenipotentiaries, but not yet ratified by the two governments, are as follows:—Austria gives up Lombardy, except Mantua and Peschiera; and as far as the frontier line, fixed by special commission, to France, who transfers it to Piedmont. Pensions acquired in Lombardy are to be paid by the new government. Piedmont is to pay Austria 40,000,000 florins, and be responsible for three-fifths of the debt of Monte Lombard Venetia, making the debt in all transferred to Sardinia, 250,000,000 francs. The two contracting powers will unite their efforts in order that reform in the administration should be carried out by the Pope. The rights of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena and Parma are expressly reserved to the two Emperors, who will assist with all their power in the formation of a Confederation of all the States of Italy. Venetia, under Austrian rule, is to form part of the Confederation. Ratifications will be exchanged at Zurich within fifteen days. The treaty is merely an amplification of the Villa Franca agreement."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The Directors of the Great Eastern held a meeting on the 19th ult., and it is authoritatively announced that the departure of the vessel has been postponed *sine die*, and orders given that all passage money received be returned. No time will be fixed for the Transatlantic voyage until good progress has been made in fitting out the ship in thorough sea-going condition, and, according to some authorities, there is no likelihood of the voyage being made before spring. The ship would remain at Holyhead about ten days longer, and then go to Southampton to complete her fittings; after which a trip to Lisbon is spoken of. It is stated that in her present condition the directors will not accept the ship from Mr. Scott Russell.

The weather is very wintry in England, and there is considerable frost and snow.

## HARPER'S FERRY.

We gave, in a portion of our last week's edition, the verdict of the jury in Brown's case—*Guilty of treason, advising, and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel*, and *for murder in the first degree*.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 2.—Messrs. Russell and Sennott, Attorneys from Boston, reached here to-day.

Cook was brought before the Magistrate's Court, but waived an examination. He was committed for trial.

Coppee's trial was resumed. No witnesses were called for the defence. Mr. Harding opened the argument for the Commonwealth and Messrs. Hoyt and Griswold followed for the defendant. Mr. Hunter closed for the prosecution. The speeches were of marked ability.

Mr. Griswold asked several instructions, which were all granted by the Court. The jury then retired.

After being out an hour, the jury in the case of Coppee, returned, with a verdict declaring Coppee guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

His counsel gave notice of a motion to arrest judgment, as in Brown's case.

SENTENCE OF JOHN BROWN—HIS SPEECH.

The Court gave its decision on the motion to arrest judgment, overruling the objections made. On the objection that treason cannot be committed against a State, except by a citizen, it ruled that wherever allegiance was due, treason may be committed. Most of the States have passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered were also regarded as insufficient.

The Clerk then asked Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, when Brown stood up, and in a clear and distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

"In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took the slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended; I never did intend to commit murder or treason, or to destroy property, or to excite or incite the slaves to rebellion and to make an insurrection.

"I have another objection, and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case,) had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right. Every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so unto them! It teaches me further to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them!' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe, that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I admit, so let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected, but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite the slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also, in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me: I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me—but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated.

"Now I have done."

While Brown was speaking, perfect quiet prevailed. When he had finished, the Court proceeded to pronounce the sentence. After a few preliminary remarks, in which the Judge said no reasonable doubt existed as to the prisoner's guilt, *he sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday, the 2d of December.*

Brown received the sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was the clapping of hands by one man in the crowd, who is not a resident of Jefferson county. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by citizens at its occurrence.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 4.—Shields Green, one of the negro prisoners, was found guilty this morning. The first count (for treason) was abandoned, upon objection taken by Mr. Sennott that it was not proven that the prisoner was a free person, and therefore did not come under the statute, which reads "any free person," &c. Sentence was deferred.

Copeland, the mulatto, is now upon trial Mr. Sennott defending.

Mr. Griswold, who came especially in Brown's case, left here this evening. Tranquility is being restored.

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HANDLY CRENDLE.—The Dayton (Ind.) Empire of Oct. 13th, made a statement that the Indiana State Agricultural Society has awarded the prize for the best crop of corn to a Dearborn county farmer, who produced proof that ten acres averaged 175 bushels per acre. On the best 5 acres, the first premium was awarded on 186 bushels to the acre, and incontestible evidence was given that one of those acres produced 214 bushels.

LARGE SALE OF PICTURES.—The paintings and other works of art belonging to the late Lord Northwick were recently sold by auction in London. Although the son and heir of the deceased nobleman reserved for his own use several hundred specimens, the articles sold produced the pretty little sum of $450,000.

## NEWS ITEMS.

COTTON BUYERS.—A rather numerous party of cotton buyers sailed from Liverpool for New York, on Saturday, in the Persia, who propose to concert measures with the most respectable houses in the United States to put an end to the system of adulterating that article, which has of late years been resorted to upon a constantly increasing scale. Sand is the ingredient used, and New Orleans is said to have disgraced itself more than any other port.—*Manchester Examiner.*

GERRIT SMITH.—A correspondent of the New York Herald has been to Peterboro, the home of Gerrit Smith. From his account it appears that Mr. Smith has become alarmed at the recent charges of complicity in the violence and bloodshed at Harper's Ferry, and that he is nervously anxious respecting the possibility of his apprehension, to answer therefor before the legal tribunals. His neighbors evince the highest respect for him personally, and are prepared, if necessary, to resist his arrest to the last extremity. He refused to speak on the matter, but it appears he is really anxious to make a clean breast of it by a public statement of the whole affair, only that his prudent friends have sealed his mouth.

SNAILS AS FOOD.—An exchange paper says:—The consumption of snails is steadily increasing in Paris; more than a million francs' worth of this exquisite, generous and nutritious animal is brought to market every year.

CHEAP FOOD.—The potato crop in Canada is large and good, and in the Toronto market potatoes sell out of the wagons at 20 cts. per bus., and by retail at 25 cts.

A CIRCASSIAN IN CLOVER.—The Russian Czar, it is stated, has given the great Circassian Chief, Schamyl, a handsome palace to live in, allows him eight thousand dollars a year, and three Circassian wives. He is a man of lofty stature, thin and broad-shouldered, with hollow eyes and a dyed beard. His walk is slow and dignified. His face bears the trace of many wounds, and its paleness and melancholy expression indicate profound grief and compressed regret.

JAMES G. HENDRICKSON, who claimed to have invented *perpetual motion*, died at Freehold, N. J., on last Saturday. A small machine, one of the earliest made by him, is said to be now running in Brooklyn, N. Y., where it has kept up its ceaseless ticking for nearly six years.

SPARROWS FROM ENGLAND TO NEW ZEALAND.—Three hundred sparrows, selected from the hedgerows in England, have been lately sent to New Zealand. The necessity of small birds, to keep down the grubs that devastate the crops in that colony, has long been felt. The farmer is beset by myriads of caterpillars. Should the sparrows become acclimated and multiply, the greatest benefit will have been conferred on the country.

SHOCKING DEATH.—On the night of the 23d ult., a young couple, who were about to be married, were sitting by a stove in the house of Mr. Joshua Blackwell, in Hopewell Township, Mercer County, New Jersey, when the lady's clothes caught fire, and, in spite of every exertion, she was so badly burnt that she died the same night. The young man's hands, while endeavoring to extinguish the flames, were burnt to a crisp. He will probably be crippled for life.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, the well-known authoress, has obtained permission from Gov. Wise to nurse John Brown, pledging her honor that she would take no improper advantage of the privilege.

A VISIT TO JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY.—Rev. T. W. Higginson, of this city, has just returned from a visit to the family of Capt. John Brown. He found them up among the Adirondac mountains, in New York, near Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, Vt.,—Mrs. Brown, and four of her surviving children, three daughters and one son. She is a second wife, and has been the mother of twelve children. Brown had eight children by a previous wife, making 20 in all. Eight of the twenty are now living.—Mrs. Brown accompanied Mr. Higginson on his return, and he went with her in the train to Boston yesterday, passing through Pitchburg. She will leave to-day for Virginia, having telegraphed to Gov. Wise for permission to visit her husband in prison.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy, Nov.* 4.

CARLISLE, PA., Nov. 5.—William Harrison, alias Albert Hazlett, was to-day surrendered to the authorities of Virginia, upon a requisition from Gov. Wise, as one of the parties implicated in the Harper's Ferry insurrection. He left here for Virginia at 3 o'clock this afternoon, via Chambersburg.

GERRIT SMITH'S WHEREABOUTS.—The Hamilton Union, printed a few miles from the residence of Gerrit Smith, says: "On the reception of the news from Harper's Ferry, report says that this gentleman conferred with the Hon. Timothy Jenkins, about what he had better do. He advised him to leave the country. Rumor says that Gerrit is about to start for Canada."

THE Corinth (Miss.) True Democrat says that several prisoners confined in the county jail escaped on the night of the 16th ult. A man named Newcomb, under sentence of death, refused to go along with the others, alleging, as a reason, that "the night was bad, and he feared making himself sick by the exposure." The Democrat thinks his conduct argues an absence of reason sufficient to justify the exercise of executive clemency.

THE Boston Journal says:—"We have seen a copy of the correspondence between Mr. Forbes and Dr. S. G. Howe, which shows clearly enough that the latter had no connection with the conspiracy of Brown, or responsibility for his acts. The letters of Dr. Howe will be published.

AN EXTEMPORE MICROSCOPE.—When it is desired to examine a small object, and a microscope is not on hand, an extempore one may be quickly made by filling two small white glass bottles, such as homœopathic medicines are put up in will do, with water or other clear liquid. Cross these at right angles over one another, and look at the object through the cross, when it will be seen considerably magnified.

GOV. BURTON, of Delaware, has appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving. The Governors of Alabama, South Carolina, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Minnesota, and Indiana have also designated the 24th of November as Thanksgiving Day.

A FAIRHAVEN, Mass., woman, having been "posted" by her husband, retorts in the following notice:

"Whereas, my good-for-nothing husband, Lyman S. Forbes, having seen fit to advertise me, forbidding all persons trusting me on his account, I would hereby warn all persons against harboring or trusting *him* on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. As he has not been in the habit of paying any of my bills, nor his own either, since I have been acquainted with him, his caution is wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. Moreover, no one who knows him would be verdant enough to trust anybody on his account. CORNELIA FORBES."

THE Agricultural Bureau of the United States Patent Office have received intelligence of the shipment from Havre, France, of a large swarm of Lombardy bees. These bees will be sent upon their arrival here direct to the Agricultural Bureau. They are of a larger size than the ordinary bee, and having a longer bill, are able to suck flowers inaccessible to the American bee. The product of an old hive of these bees is sometimes 150 pounds of honey in one season. These bees will not be disturbed until 1861.

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☞ The history of Austria is that of a mad family; the history of France is that of a mad people.

## There's but One Pair of Stockings TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose creaky craw
Told a tale of long ago;
While down by her side on the kitchen floor
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the fire of his pipe went out;
And, unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws,
Rolled out and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon, a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eye-beam.

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—
So he said, in a gentle tone
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim;
And now there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him:
"Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light;
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrapings were wont to lay
In the basket awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandered so far away;
How the sprightly steps, to a mother dear,
Unheeded fall on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's an empty seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight;
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemm'd with the fairest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

"Another went forth on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket's store—
But his feet grew cold, so weary and cold
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give back no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light
And fairy fingers have taken their share,
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine! oh! mine is emptier still.

"Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day.
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night."

# POMMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

### IX.

It was the height of the London season, and the night sky above was studded with its stars, as the starry beauties of this lower hemisphere were pressing into one of the greatest and most exclusive houses of the day; great in its reference to that iron god, fashion, not greater in its size than many another one.

It was the town house of the Duchess of St. Ives, a wealthy widow, only two-and-forty yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the world long on her own account, and now she was ruling it in right of her son. It was the first season he had spent in London since coming of age, and the world was going mad after him. Mothers courted him openly, daughters covertly; a fine thing it would be to be Duchess of St. Ives.

A well-appointed carriage dashed into the ruck, and struggled its way to the door amidst the rest. The Countess of Essington descended from it with daughters three. Three! Yes, the majestic Countess, as important in her own eyes, and daring in her own actions, as the Duchess of St. Ives in hers, had brought them all, the ladies Mabel, Geraldine and Anna Hetley. Mabel and Geraldine were like their mother, commanding, stately girls, with clearly cut features, beautiful, but cold as though they had been carved from Parian marble.—Anna was different; she had nothing of majesty or of marble about her; a fair, graceful girl, with large, shy, merry blue eyes that drooped beneath their long lashes when gazed into, a flushed, dimpled, lovely face, and a pretty mouth too much given to laughing, and to display unconsciously its set of white pearls.

A moment's respite after the reception, and the Countess and her daughters were but so many of the brilliant crowd that thronged the rooms. Lady Anna found herself seated next to a young lady with whom they were on terms of close intimacy.

"Have *you* come to-night, Anna? Three of you! What an idea!"

"There was no help for it," laughed Anna. "This is the ball of balls, you know, and Mabel and Geraldine would not give up their privilege of elders; and mamma did not wish me to remain away, because—because—"

"There; go on to the rest. I understand."

"'What can be done?' quoth mamma, to us this morning at breakfast; 'Geraldine, I wish you would, for once, give up to Anna.'—'Oh, dear, no,' returned Geraldine, 'it's not to be thought of.' 'Then I shall take you all,' said mamma. '*That's* not to be thought of,' put in Mabel; 'there never was such a thing heard of.' 'I may do what others would not dare,' concluded mamma, in her lofty way."

"And that is how you are here!"

"I don't know whether she would have brought me in spite of Mabel, who is very positive, you know, in her opinions, and mamma gives in to her. Listen yet. The Duke called, and began talking to me about to-night, wanting to make me promise—oh, I don't know what all—to dance with him twice to everybody else's once, and that sort of nonsense. 'I am infinitely obliged to your grace,' I said, making him a demure curtsey, 'but I am not coming.' You should have witnessed his face. 'Not coming!' cried he, when he could find words. 'Certainly not. I am the youngest, and my sisters have precedence over poor me; the inconvenience, you see, of having three demoiselles in a family.' Off went the Duke to mamma, and said—I did not listen, but the result is, that I am here."

The young lady listener sat, playing with her drooping bracelet.

"Anna, there need not be any more heart-burnings after the Duke; we may all resign him at once with a good grace, for we shall have to do it. You are in luck."

"Luck at what?" cried Lady Anna, quickly.

"To have gained him. You might be Duchess of St. Ives to-morrow."

"Might I? Nothing of the sort. I'll turn him over to you or to Mabel."

"You know you might be; and you know you will. Here he comes, true to his allegiance. And now it is good-bye to you for the rest of the evening, I suppose."

Lady Anna glanced towards the Duke of St. Ives. He was threading his way to her amidst difficulties, for he was set upon and detained on all sides, by the ravenous gentlewomen who where fishing for him with their subtle hooks.

"It will take him twenty minutes to get here," she laughed.

"Oh, Anna, what a lovely bouquet!" suddenly exclaimed the young lady, observing the flowers for the first time. "Who supplied it?"

"How can I tell?" returned Lady Anna, with downcast eyes and conscious cheek.—"It was left for me just before we came out."

"He has taste in flowers, at any rate, if these were arranged under his auspices."

"Who has taste?"

"Who! You can afford this pretty affectation of unconsciousness, now you are sure of him. St. Ives."

"But I am not sure of him," again laughed Lady Anna. "And I am not sure—indeed, I don't think—that he sent the bouquet. Another came, less beautiful. 'Oh, that charming one's the Duke's,' cried mamma, pointing to this; 'use that one, Anna,' and I obeyed, saying nothing, but I fancied the other was his."

"The Duke would send but the one; who sent the other?"

"Can I say?" returned Lady Anna. "Is not all the world dying to send them to me?" she added, saucily.

The Duke of St. Ives reached her and took her away with him. He was tall, too tall, and too slender, altogether very much like a Maypole, with a fair complexion, mild eyes, and a meek, inoffensive face. At Eaton he was called "Milky," and he had never lost the soubriquet. "St. Ives is a milksop still, he has no devil in him," sneered the fast young men, his friends, who had rather too much of it in them.

The quadrille was walked over, a galop was got through, other quadrilles and other dances came, in their turn; and just as Lady Anna Hetley was enjoying a moment's respite in a sheltered corner, another gentleman came up to her. Above the middle height, but not remarkably tall, he was yet a distinguished-looking man, his hair luxuriant and of a dark brown, with clear, penetrating gray eyes, and features of winning beauty.

"Anna," he whispered, in a low, musical voice, whose tones spoke love, if ever love was spoken, "Anna!"

She started and blushed vividly; she had not seen him advancing.

"Oh, Leolin!"

"Did you think I was lost!"

"I thought you were never coming. Why are you so late?"

"And I am only here now to tell you I cannot come—if that is not Irish. Stanton—you know Stanton?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, poor fellow, he has met with an accident to-night, through the bursting of a gun. I was starting to come here when they sent for me; he is in great pain, in shocking spirits, and cannot bear for me to leave him. I told him he must give me half-an-hour, and I came here to tell you."

"I am so sorry. How—Here comes St. Ives again," she broke off, in a hurried whisper.—"Say I am engaged to you, Leolin."

The Duke of St. Ives received his answer, and the other looked at his watch.

"I must stay for this one waltz, Anna; the temptation is not to be resisted."

She put her arm within his, and his eyes happened to fall upon the flowers.

"They are nicely arranged, Anna, are they not?"

"I knew it came from you," she softly breathed. "This and another were left.—Mamma jumped to the conclusion that the more beautiful one must be from the Duke, and ordered me to use it. His lies neglected on the table at home."

"Anna, I shall begin to fear that the Duke is dangerous," he said, as he held her closer, than he need have done, in the whirling waltz.

She smiled and half shook her head, but her shy and pretty eyes were bent to the ground; otherwise he might have seen how full they were of love.

"And now I must not linger another moment," he exclaimed, when the dance was over. "Poor Stanton!"

"Leolin, I don't believe you have addressed a single word to anybody in the room."

"I don't think I have, St. Ives excepted.—Good-night, my dearest."

"I never heard of anything like it!" uttered Lady Anna Hetley, as she stood before her mother the next morning, with crimsoned cheeks. "How stupid he must be!"

"Stupid!" echoed the Countess.

"*Was* such a thing ever heard of, mamma? As if he could not have waited till a proper time and season. And what in the world took papa there last night? I don't think he has troubled a ball for years."

"Is anything the matter with Anna?" exclaimed Lady Geraldine, who had entered while her sister was speaking.

"A piece of good fortune is the matter with her," returned the Countess. "St. Ives spoke to your papa last night about her."

"Made her an offer? asked for her?" breathlessly returned Geraldine.

"Yes, he did. I knew it was coming to it."

"And what's she grumbling at?"

"We go by the rules of contrary in this land," cried the Countess, shrugging her shoulders; "the more happiness is rained upon us, the more we grumble. Grumbling is indigenous to England."

"But think of the stupid way in which he went to work," retorted Anna; "never to say a syllable to me, never to give me a hint of what he was about to do, but to go blundering off-hand to papa! And to speak to him in a ball-room, at his own house! I wonder papa would listen to him."

"What did it signify where he spoke to him?"

"It signified this—that he ought to have told me first, and not have broken it to papa without my knowledge."

"You must have seen it was progressing to it. He has flirted enough with you."

"There's the evil," cried Anna. "Men are so much given to flirt now-a-days, that you cannot tell what is flirting and what real; and woe be to the feelings of any girl who mistakes the false for the genuine. If the Duke of St. Ives has flirted with me—though I hate the word, and I have *not* encouraged him—others have flirted with him; you have all been ready to pull him to pieces in the contest."

"Mamma, she says she has not encouraged him!" exclaimed Geraldine, with a smile.

"I have not encouraged him more than I could avoid. When he has talked to me, I have answered him; when he has asked me to dance with him, I have not said No. I like talking, and I like dancing. Was it my place to assume that he was only paving the way to invite me to be Madame la Duchesse?"

"You have worked on for it, though, in your quiet way," retorted Geraldine, who was vexed that the prize should escape her. "Only last night you went to his house, hugging the flowers he left for you."

A suppressed smile crossed Anna's face.

"Well, it is done, and it cannot be undone," she rejoined; "but I must repeat, that he has acted as—as—only one, gifted with as little brains as the Duke of St. Ives, could act."

"Just listen to her!" uttered the Countess, raising her hands. "Take care, my young lady, that you don't show off these airs before him, or he may think twice ere he completes the bargain. And here he is; he said he should call early."

But the footsteps ascending the stairs were not the Duke of St. Ives's. They were those of the gentleman with whom Anna had snatched a waltz the previous night, during the brief period of his stay in the crowded rooms. They were the steps of a chieftain, bold and fearless, of one who carried his head erect, and on whose lofty features might be traced the consciousness of a descent second to none. The servant threw wide the door.

"The lord of Pommeroy."

The lord of Pommeroy was not the Duke of St. Ives, and some little disappointment may have been felt by Lady Essington; but it faded away, for the lord of Pommeroy was also a favored visitor. He told them of the painful accident to his friend Stanton.

Others came in, an old dowager and her nieces, intimate friends, who might call early or late. She began a rare tale of scandal, which absorbed the attention of Lady Essington and her elder daughters, and Anna escaped to the conservatory, followed by the lord of Pommeroy.

"Leolin, he has asked for me!" she exclaimed, when they were sheltered by the turning.

"St. Ives?"

"Oh, yes. He spoke to papa last night in the rooms—actually in his own ball-rooms. If he had but spoken to me, I could have given him an answer quietly, and there would have been an end to him, and nobody the wiser. Papa accepted him."

Leolin Pommeroy's cheek paled, for he loved her with a passionate and powerful love; but the pride of his race rose within him. The lord of Pommeroy, secure in his remote and lofty descent of untold generations, afraid of the new Duke of St. Ives, whose ancestors, seventy years ago, were of the people! Anna glanced at him timidly, her lovely eyes full of tears. He drew her to him, and bent down his face, tenderly whispering:

"Which shall it be? the Duke of St. Ives, or the lord of Pommeroy?"

"Oh, Leolin dearest, why do you ask me? You know; you know."

"Is the Earl at home?" he inquired, between his kisses. "Can he be seen?"

"Would you ask him now, Leolin? Now?"

"Now. Before I leave the house. You must be my promised wife this day, love, if you would not be his."

They sprang apart, for voices broke on their ears, ominously near. Lady Essington and the dowager and the rest came in view, and saw Anna seated on a large flower-pot turned upside down, training the refractory branches of a rare plant, with a refractory name that nobody yet ever succeeded in spelling, and the lord of Pommeroy ungallantly standing with his back to her, lost in contemplation of the wonderful American aloe, which blossomed but once a century.

The dowager's sight was keen, and her imagination crafty.

"You should have your eyes about you," cried she, confidentially to the Countess.—"Anna is just at the age that she may get her head turned, and he does not want for attractions, that young lord of Pommeroy."

"My dear dowager, Anna is all safe. She marries St. Ives."

"Eh! what? Who says so!" ejaculated the dowager.

"He made his proposals for her to the earl yesterday. It is all settled."

"Mercy on the rest of the girls, then!" uttered the dowager, "what will they do? They are all rampant after St. Ives. Is it true that young Stanton has shot his head off!" inquired she, drawing near to the lord of Pommeroy."

"Not his head. One of his ears and part of his hand."

"What fools you young men are, to get toying with guns! I'd rather play with a wild hyena for my part."

"There was a flaw in it," said the lord. "Bishop—"

"I dare say, lord. That's sure to be the tale—Bishop, Bishop! he's always in fault, never your own careless awkwardness—Anna, we are to congratulate you, I hear. Take care, child, that you don't get a stray shot into yourself; when this news shall obtain wind, there are some would give you one, if they dared."

"That she should allow her tongue its reins, and speak of it openly!" mentally uttered the confused Countess. "She talks of young men being fools! what's she?"

"Is the Earl at home?" quietly demanded the lord of Pommeroy of Lady Essington.

"I believe he is in his study. Do you want him?"

"I will go to his study," said the lord.

The dowager took her departure. Not long after it, the study bell was rung, and the lord of Pommeroy took his. Then there came a message to the Countess that the Earl wanted her. Altogether, it happened that when the Duke of St. Ives called, Anna was alone.

He repeated to her what he had, more formally, imparted to the Earl the previous night. Anna refused him, kindly but firmly.

"This cannot be your final decision!" he exclaimed, displaying emotion.

"It is indeed."

"But why have you suffered me to hope?"

"Nay," said Lady Anna, "what have I done to encourage hope? How else could I have acted? You have been pleased to single me out, rather more perhaps than you have others, but I shrank from your attentions instead of—"

"It was that shrinking from me that won me," interrupted the simple-hearted Duke; "it was indeed."

"I am not to blame. I could not speak to you and say you must not court me, before you first spoke to me."

The Duke allowed that, but he grew hot.

"Can you not say that you—that you—will let it wait awhile, and think of it?"

"Oh, no, I cannot; it must not wait a day; I can never say otherwise than I do now."

The Duke nervously pulled his glove about, giving it considerable damage in the way of slits.

"I would try to make you so happy; I would not have a will but yours."

Anna was nervous also; it was her first essay at a refusal. She stammered out that he was very kind; and the Duke rose to leave.

"I shall never care for any one else, Lady Anna."

He nervously put out his hand, then drew it back, then put it out again. The Duke did not know what might be the etiquette on these occasions of rejection. Anna knew as little; but she frankly put her hand into his—and pressed it; some vague idea running through her that it might soften her refusal.

The Duke sighed.

"I think the next best thing to having you—will be to have your sister," he observed, deliberating with himself. "If I cannot be your husband, it will be something to be your brother; I don't love her, it's true; but I shall never love any one but you."

Anna pretty nearly exploded with laughter.

"Oh, yes, that would be delightful, if you could only fancy her. Which of them do you mean, Mabel or Geraldine?"

"Well, I don't know," said the Duke; "I have not thought about it. I must talk to my mother." He shook her hand again, and quitted her; and Anna, humming a merry dance, waltzed round and round the room to its tune.

The Countess of Essington had found her husband in his study. A little man with a velvet cap on his head, and a flowery dressing-gown; a merry-hearted little man, who liked to take things pleasantly.

"Did you send Pommeroy to me?"

"I told him you were here. Why?"

"Then you don't know what he wants?"

"How should I? To talk about Stanton, perhaps."

"He wants Anna."

The Countess questioned her eyes.

"Wants her for what?"

"To be lady of Pommeroy."

"What a donkey he must be!" uttered the Countess, irascibly. "Why, the old Dowager Barham let it out that she was going to marry St. Ives!"

"But is she going to marry St. Ives?"

"What should hinder her?" retorted the Countess.

"She may like somebody else better. The lord of Pommeroy says she does."

"I wish the lord of Pommeroy had been buried in the Pommeroy vaults before he had come upsetting things in this way!" was the intemperate rejoinder of Lady Essington.—"There's not such a match in all England as St. Ives, and if Anna were to let him slip, I would never forgive her. Besides, she can't, now; that prating old dowager is off to tell it to London."

The Earl laughed, he enjoyed the joke.

"You and the dowager must settle it between you," said he; "I suppose you told her first. But, if Anna has got the lord of Pommeroy in her fancy, she can't marry St. Ives."

The Countess scowled.

"Would you let her marry Pommeroy, with St. Ives in the way?"

"I'd let her marry Pommeroy with St. Ives in the way or without him," returned the Earl. "When young people take mutual likings, where's the use of standing out against them? Had there been anything objectionable in the lord of Pommeroy, that he might not win her, why did you suffer them to meet? Here has he been in the house continually, like a tame cat—not that I complain, I like him—besides meeting each other everywhere abroad. I saw them last night, whispering, and twirling together in that brainless dance, that's only good for making the head reel and the stomach sick."

"My daughters have been too properly reared to allow themselves to become attached where it's not expedient," said the lady, loftily.

"But nature's nature," cried the Earl.

"And training is training," retorted the Countess.

"He says she loves him; and he says he ardently loves her," was the answer. "I believe he does."

"Love!" rejoined the Countess, scornfully, "love must give place to expediency. Did he speak of the Duke?"

"Yes he did," replied the Earl, his face in a glow of merriment. "He called him names: The bran-new Brummagem Duke!"

Lady Essington's eyes flashed fire.

"Shameful! How dared he?"

"Dared? These old, old families, these long-pedigreed aristocrats, do hold in contempt new people. In point of descent, the Duke of St. Ives is not worthy to buckle on the garter of the lord of Pommeroy."

Before Lady Essington could reply, she heard the Duke's voice upon the stairs, and opening the door, saw him passing down them. He was departing after his interview with Anna. Lady Essington hastened to accost him, but the Duke looked back with a cold bow only, and was gone.

"She has been refusing him!" exclaimed the Countess, sinking in a chair—"and old Dame Barham gone with her open mouth round the town! If Anna has been such an idiot, I think I shall beat her!"

She bent her angry and hasty steps to the drawing-room, and caught my young Lady Anna in the midst of her careering waltz. She seized her by the arm, and swung her round the other way, not very gently.

"What have you been doing to the Duke of St. Ives?"

"Mamma! how you startled me!"

"What have you been doing to the Duke of St. Ives?"

"I only told him I could not marry him."

"You wicked girl! Not marry him! not marry St. Ives! Mabel, come here," interrupted the Countess, hearing Lady Mabel in the next room; "look at your sister there; see the figure she cuts! She has been refusing St. Ives."

"You have not?" debated Mabel, slowly, speaking to Anna.

"Such a fuss!" cried Anna. "Who's St. Ives? The lord of Pommeroy calls him—"

"Be still, you shameless child! How can you dare mention the lord of Pommeroy to my face?—after sending him to your papa with a tale that you had fallen in love with him, and he with you!"

Anna stood with blushing cheeks and falling eyelids.

"Mabel, he called St. Ives a bran-new Brummagen Duke, or some such vulgarism; and—and—" the Countess hardly knew whether to subside into a fit of shrieking hysterics, or to shake Anna—"the Earl takes his part; says he shall have her."

"*He* is the lord of Pommeroy," observed Anna, in a low tone. "But for the Duke of St. Ives wanting me, you would never have thought of objecting to him."

"Right, child," exclaimed the Earl, interrupting them.

"Well, papa," cried Mabel, sharply, "I never thought you would have upheld her in such conduct."

"What conduct?" asked the Earl.

"She has encouraged the Duke shamefully; nobody else has had a chance with him; and now to turn round upon him? Last night that ever was, she went parading his bouquet-gift in his rooms."

The Earl looked at her displeased; Anna bit her lips to hide a smile.

"There were two bouquets came for me, papa. The one was a beauty, and mamma ordered me to use it."

"But you had no right to use it," screamed the Countess, "if you meant to reject the Duke to-day."

"But it was not the Duke's," returned Anna, demurely; "the Duke's was the one we left at home. It was the lord of Pommeroy's."

"You little deceitful—" The Earl burst into a hearty laugh, and drowned the rest. He laid hold of Anna and led her to a distant window, where they could be alone.

"Anna, are your affections fixed on Leolin Pommeroy?"

Her countenance was suffused with crimson; an all-sufficient answer.

"Or on the Duke of St. Ives?" he continued.

She looked up now, and spoke gaily.

"Papa, I don't care for the Duke. And a union with the Duke would surely not be quite suitable for me; we are not of the same faith."

"True. But so many intermarriages take place now, that—However let it be. I only wish to give you a word of advice; Anna, before deciding irrevocably, make sure that you know your own mind. The wife of the Duke of St. Ives, let him marry whom he may, will be mistress and master—he will make a docile, obedient, kind husband. The lords of Pommeroy, on the contrary, have the reputation of living to rule their wives with an imperative will."

The tears stood in her eyes as she looked beseechingly up.

"Papa, I could not respect or love a man who would yield his will to mine in great things. I must be able to reverence my husband, to find him one that I can obey; and I am certain that Leolin will ever love me and be indulgent to me."

"Be it so, then," said the Earl, as he kissed her forehead. "Long life and happiness to you, lady of Pommeroy!"

Before the day was over, Lady Essington had come round, so far as to be gracious; the fact truly was, that she would have found no fault with the alliance of the lord of Pommeroy, had not the Duke, with his riches and his grand title, inopportunely stepped in. The lord of Pommeroy was rich, but the Duke was more than rich.

"What slur is it upon the Pommeroy escutcheon?" demanded Lady Geraldine. "There's something. The late lord killed his brother, did he not?"

"The brother killed the late lord," corrected the Countess. "A quarrel arose between them, owing, it is said, to the lord's wife favoring his handsome brother Rupert. It was shrouded in a deal of mystery, but a mortal scuffle took place between the brothers, a pistol went off, and the lord was killed. Rupert escaped; he has never been heard of yet, though nearly six years have elapsed, and the third brother, George, became lord of Pommeroy, for of course a murderer cannot inherit. George was abroad with his regiment, somewhere in India, but he did not come home; he remained out there till he died; and now Leolin is lord of Pommeroy. There's the history."

"It was not the late lord who was killed, then?"

"Strictly speaking, not; for George was the late lord of Pommeroy. It was Guy, the eldest of all, and the last who reigned at the abbey. George, after he became lord, made his ill health a plea for not returning. Guy's widow has reigned at the abbey hitherto, lady of Pommeroy."

"Did he leave no children?"

"A girl. No heir."

"I should not relish going to a home, already occupied by a lady of Pommeroy and her child," exclaimed Mabel, speaking for the first time.

"She is welcome to live there," said Lady Anna; "the abbey is large enough, by all accounts."

"Anna will be lady of Pommeroy. The widow will subside into her proper place," said Lady Essington.

"It is the custom for the widows of the lords of Pommeroy to remain in the abbey, whoever may succeed as lord," observed Anna. "Leolin has told me a great deal about the Pommeroy customs."

"Oh, the Pommeroys own to all sorts of old customs and traditions, and they think they must obey them. They were always a superstitious race."

### X.

The old abbey of Pommeroy stood out, its walls gray and gloomy in the dim twilight of an August evening. Its windows, however, were in contrast to its walls, they being as gay as light could make them, and its retainers bustled about in their preparations, for Leolin, lord of Pommeroy, was bringing home his bride. They had been married early that morning and were journeying down to Pommeroy; the carriage was, even now, nearing it, and Lady Anna leaned forward to look for the first time upon her future home. The huge pile rose, high and mighty, in front of her.

"What a large place, Leolin!"

"It is, my dearest."

"And there is a real ghost haunts it, they say."

The lord laughed.

"I fear the ghost has been dead and gone this many a year; however disappointing it may be to your love of romance to hear it. We only see the front of the abbey, Anna. There are the side wings and the pile at the back. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, with a tower at each corner."

"But surely it is not all inhabited?"

"The south wing and the rooms at the back are uninhabited. Those back rooms, Anna, especially the west tower, were the haunted ones in the days of the ghost."

"Which are Mrs. Pommeroy's rooms?"

"Since the lord's death—I speak of my brother Guy—she has had the whole run of the abbey. In future, she will occupy those rooms facing us, to the right of the entrance; the rest of the abbey will be ours."

"It must take an army of servants to keep it; only this front pile is immense. Will there be two households, Leolin? ours, and Mrs. Pommeroy's?"

"My darling! do you think I should bring you to a home where another must share your authority? Of course there will be two. You are the lady of Pommeroy. We shall have nothing to do with Mrs. Pommeroy, or she with us; she has her own servants and household, and we have ours. She has plenty of money; she was an heiress. You and she need not meet once in a twelvemonth, unless you both please."

"But, Leolin, I think it will be delightful to meet; I am glad she is there. What sort of a person is she? Young?"

"Six or seven-and-twenty, and beautiful yet. I have only known her within twelve months, but she strikes me as being the very saddest being I ever came across—proud, reserved, and sad; and they say that formerly, previous to that shocking catastrophe, she was all life and merriment. She moves about with a softened footstep, sees little, if any, society, and seems to take no interest in life, scarcely even in her child."

Lady Anna leaned closer to her husband in the twilight.

"Leolin, was she—was she—false to her husband?"

"Hush, my darling!" he whispered, bending his haughty, flushed cheek down upon her. "We do not allow ourselves to glance at it; we do not even breathe it, one to another—to believe that it was so, would be too awful a brand upon the Pommeroys. The knowledge and remembrance lie with her; let it lie."

The carriage clattered in at the large gates, and the servants stood on either side the entrance, bowing to their lord and their new lady. Lady Anna was pleased with all she saw; the rooms were numerous; it would take her a week to know her way about them, she laughingly said, and, they were fitted up with regal splendor. A husband she loved, and this princely home; the simple Duke of St. Ives, and his domineering mother! she clasped her hands as she thought of the contrast.

"Oh, Leolin, my dearest, how glad I am to be your wife!"

The following day was passing, and Lady Anna had not seen Mrs. Pommeroy. In the afternoon Leolin took her into the gardens, a large enclosure of land, stretching far away on the side of the abbey, and beautifully laid out.

"Who is that, Leolin?" she suddenly exclaimed, pointing to a far part of the grounds.

The lord looked, and discerned a lady and a child, who appeared to be hastening towards the abbey by one of the smaller egress gates.

"That's Mrs. Pommeroy," he said. "I will fetch her here."

Mrs. Pommeroy had seen them, and that was why she was leaving the grounds. The child set off to run to the lord.

"Mary, stay here," quickly exclaimed Mrs. Pommeroy.

"It is Uncle Leolin, mamma. I am going to him."

"But I tell you to stay here."

"And I tell you I will go to him," replied Miss Mary Pommeroy.

She had inherited the stern, indomitable spirit of her father, and she had been the indulged plaything of the abbey—in fact, its little mistress—so that all the obstinate will of the spirit had been fostered, not repressed. A daring child was Mary Pommeroy, and she had one of those remarkably sensible, knowing, precocious minds, that are sometimes looked upon with awe. She would say things more suitable for a girl of sixteen than one of six, ay, and understand them. She flew off, in defiance of her mother, and encountered her Uncle Leolin.

"Have you come back to the abbey?" began she.

"Yes," answered he, stooping to kiss her. "Go and speak to that lady, Mary."

"Who is she?" returned the child.

"She is the lady of Pommeroy."

The lord walked forward to the remote walk, and met Mrs. Pommeroy. She coldly shook him by the hand.

"You have not been to see my wife yet, Mrs. Pommeroy. There she is; will you come now, and be introduced to her?"

"Would it be agreeable?"

"Oh, yes; she wishes to make your acquaintance."

So Mrs. Pommeroy turned with him.

Meanwhile Mary had drawn towards Lady Anna, with a slow but fearless step, her gray eyes—the keen Pommeroy eyes—scanning her closely. Lady Anna held out her hand that she might come quicker, but the child, instead of responding to it, halted at a few yards' distance.

"What's your name?" boldly inquired she, with all the haughtiness of a Pommeroy.

"Lady Anna."

"Uncle Leolin says you are the lady of Pommeroy."

"So I am," smiled Lady Anna.

"You are not. Mamma is the lady of Pommeroy. Why do you tell a story?"

Lady Anna felt amused.

"We will not dispute about it, dear. Tell me your name."

"Mary Alice Joan Pommeroy. My papa was Guy, lord of Pommeroy. Uncle Leolin's the lord, now."

"Yes, I know he is."

"And mamma's the lady," she repeated, greatly defiant.

While the child spoke, Lady Anna had been regarding a building a short distance behind the abbey. A round structure of gray stone, high, but of small dimensions.

"That's the keep," said the child, noticing the direction of her eyes. "Jerome lives in it."

"Who is Jerome?"

"Jerome was the confidential attendant on the lords of Pommeroy. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," laughed Lady Anna.

"He was my grandpapa's attendant; and when grandpapa died, he became papa's; and when papa died, he would not stay in the abbey any longer, but went to the keep. I was a baby then, but Bridget told me that. I go to see Jerome sometimes."

"The keep belongs to the abbey then; to the lords of Pommeroy?" continued Lady Anna, thinking her a singularly intelligent child for her age.

"It belongs to the lords, of course. It was my Uncle George's while he lived, and now it is Uncle Leolin's. Did you know that Uncle George never came home, though he was the lord?"

"I have heard so."

"But the keep is Jerome's to live in for his life; the old lord gave it him when he was dying. That was my grandpapa; we call him the old lord."

"Who has made you wise, and told you all this?"

"They all tell me. Bridget tells me, and Jerome tells me, and Aunt Joan tells me when she comes here, and Gaunt tells me. Gaunt is the gentleman gamekeeper. The men under him are the real keepers, you know, though Gaunt is called so; he traces his descent back, as we do. I do nothing but hear tales of the Pommeroys; we are descended from kings, we Pommeroys, so there are many things to tell of us; we are not like the common people. Mamma will not hear the tales, she says she has heard too much of them; but then, you see, mamma is not a true Pommeroy."

"You are a strange child," involuntarily uttered Lady Anna.

"That's because I am a Pommeroy," returned the young lady. "If I want to make mamma angry, I tell her that I am a Pommeroy and she's not. She beat me once for saying it, and banished me to the nursery for two days. I did not care: I have the Pommeroy spirit."

The lord came up with Mrs. Pommeroy, and he introduced his wife.

"The lady of Pommeroy."

Anna blushed, and put out her hand in cordiality, as it was right to do between connexions so near; but Mrs. Pommeroy curtseyed distantly and would not see it. The child had spoken of the Pommeroy spirit: one of the Pommeroy frowns rose to the face of the lord.

From the angle of the garden where they now stood, the approach in front of the abbey was visible, and that moment a dusty travelling carriage came sweeping up it. It served to divert the awkward silence. The blinds were down, so that they could not see who might occupy it, but a man-servant sat outside, and there was a large coat-of-arms emblazoned on the panels. The eyes of the child were quick, and she was the first to speak.

"The Pommeroy arms! Why, it must be Aunt Joan!"

But the eyes of Leolin had expanded with amazement as he gazed. They were the arms of the *lords* of Pommeroy, and no living man, but himself, had a right to use them, certainly no living woman, save his wife, *as* his wife. The full arms with their quarterings, their supporters, and all the rest of the adjuncts, now conspicuous on that travelling carriage, belonged to the lord alone: the arms used by the other branches of the family were more simple. Mrs. Pommeroy strained her gaze upon them, and her face became white as death.

"It can never be Rupert!" burst from the compressed lips of Leolin. "To appear amongst us again, would be to dare his fate—and we could not save him from it."

Lady Anna stole her hand within her husband's.

"What would it be—his fate?"

"Death," mechanically answered the lord—"death by the public hangman. But what idle dream is coming over me?" broke off the lord, wiping his face: "it cannot be Rupert."

Mary Pommeroy laid tight hold of her uncle.

"Look at mamma," she said, in a frightened whisper.

He turned, and so did his wife, and they hastened to hold Mrs. Pommeroy. Her arms had dropped, and her features were drawn and ghastly. The carriage, beyond their view, had driven inside the abbey gates. A lady—a tall, handsome, right regal-looking lady—descended from it, followed by a female attendant and a sick child, a boy of some seven or eight years old. She inquired for Mrs. Pommeroy, and a man-servant was despatched to the gardens for her. Even Leolin's lips paled as he watched his approach. A lady! they were relieved from their fears: but where on earth had she picked up that carriage?

Mrs. Pommeroy proceeded to her drawing-room, where sat the visitor: the child had been laid on a couch, and the attendant stood near him.

The lady rose at the entrance of Mrs. Pommeroy, and they stood face to face.

"Do you know me?" the stranger inquired.

Remembrance was dawning over Mrs. Pommeroy. Surely it was Sybilla Gaunt, the daughter of Gaunt the gentleman-keeper, she who had left the village nearly eight years before, and with whose good name rumor had made free. There was no mistaking her, for those nobly beautiful features, once seen, could not be forgotten.

"You are Sybilla Gaunt!"

"I was Sybilla Gaunt, years ago. I am Sybilla Pommeroy."

Mrs. Pommeroy froze a little.

"What may be the purport of your visit?"

"I thought it a courtesy demanded of me to see you privately, and apprise you that I must henceforth assume my rights: however sorry I shall be," she added, with a bow, "to displace the lady of Pommeroy."

"I am not the lady of Pommeroy," sharply interrupted Mrs. Pommeroy. "But what do you mean?"

"Then who, if you will allow me to ask, bears sway here as the lady?"

"The lord's wife. He was married yesterday."

"The lord? You speak of Leolin?"

"Of whom else should I speak?" was the retort. "Leolin is the lord of Pommeroy."

The visitor rose; she approached the sofa, and, taking her child by the hand, whispered him: "Rupert dear, can you walk a few steps? yes, I think you can: I want you to see this lady."

She lovingly lifted him down, and led him up to Mrs. Pommeroy. He was a graceful, aristocratic child, though now fearfully pale and thin: his features were beautiful as his mother's, but there was no mistaking that his sire had been a Pommeroy. The visitor held him before her.

"This child," she said, "is the lord of Pommeroy."

Mrs. Pommeroy, taken by surprise, could neither assent nor refute; but a sudden thought prompted her to speak. "Is it well," haughtily pointing to the servant, "that family discussions should be carried on before a menial?"

"She does not understand a word: she is French. Mrs. Pommeroy, Leolin is not lord, and never has been. The moment the breath went out of my husband's body, his son, this child, became lord of Pommeroy."

"It is easy to assert a lie," scornfully laughed Mrs. Pommeroy. "George Pommeroy may have made you a tardy reparation—I know not; you will doubtless say so—but this child is seven years old if he is a day."

"Mrs. Pommeroy," was the interruption, "you may have heard of the Gaunt blood: do not provoke it; it was fiery in the days of the Plantagenets; it is so now; and not less pure than fiery. Can you look at me, and believe that I have ever disgraced it?"

"You left the village to follow George Pommeroy."

"Yes: but, months before that, I had become George Pommeroy's wife. We were married here; here, in the chapel attached to the abbey."

"Can this be true?" murmured Mrs. Pommeroy.

"I will not reiterate the assertion," was the proud retort. "It will be easy of proof as your own marriage."

"It was performed in secret!"

"In secret. It was known to none, save the priest who married us. But, ere many days elapsed, it was made known to Guy and Rupert."

"Guy!" haughtily reproved Mrs. Pommeroy. "He is spoken of here as the lord."

"I have said correctly," was the equable answer. "He was Guy Pommeroy then, for the old lord was alive. Certain circumstances were noticed by Guy and Rupert, and they cast reflection towards me, as you have done. My husband could not suffer that, and he declared his marriage to them."

"But why have kept it a secret? Your own father did not know it."

"George had his reasons, and I acquiesced in them. When it could no longer be concealed, I told my father, and he kept the secret as we did. But, I repeat to you, it was no secret to Guy and Rupert. Then I joined my husband in Ireland, and two months afterwards this boy was born; he is nearly eight years old."

"He is veritably and truly the lord of Pommeroy?" uttered Mrs. Pommeroy, unable to take in the fact; though she no longer doubted the truth of the story.

"He is as truly the lord of Pommeroy as any one can be, save—save—him who is yet a fugitive. *He* is the veritable lord of Pommeroy, and will be to his life's end, although he is debarred from enjoying his rights as such."

"I think he must be dead," whispered Mrs. Pommeroy, with quivering lips.

The stranger bent a severe eye and repellant brow on Mrs. Pommeroy, and her voice was colder than it had been throughout the interview.

"Let the subject, if you please, be a barred one between us. It is not one that you should dwell upon, and I will not."

Mrs. Pommeroy's face deepened to a glowing crimson.

"What is the purport of your coming here?"

"Need I say, when I tell you who I am? To bring up my child in the home of his inheritance; and to reside in it of my own right. I am the lady of Pommeroy."

Mrs. Pommeroy mused.

"How will Leolin receive this!—and his newly-wedded wife! But a few minutes back, he introduced her to me as 'the lady of Pommeroy.'"

"He thought she was such. But I trust I have not come to sow discord; if Leolin will be reasonable, I will be. They may have the grandeur and the sway still, in all but what concerns my boy."

"Had you no other children?"

"Three," she sighed. "They died in India."

"I know who this one is like," said Mrs. Pommeroy—"like him he is named after. Oh, why did you name him Rupert?" she continued, in a wailing tone of pain.

"We liked the name; and George was always fond of his brother Rupert. Rupert joined us in Ireland, and was at the child's christening. But I must see Leolin. Is he here?"

"He is here. He came yesterday."

Mrs. Pommeroy sent a messenger to request Leolin's presence. Strange, perhaps, to say, this astounding news was not unwelcome to her, now she came to revolve it. She disliked Leolin; he had once cast to her a hasty word of dark scorn, when in conversation with his sister; she had overheard it, and had never forgiven him. She had encouraged a dislike to Lady Anna before she ever saw her; and she would far rather that Sybilla should reign at Pommeroy than they. The French maid was leading the boy from the room as Leolin approached it in obedience to the summons.—His notice fell on the child; so sickly-looking, so handsome, so like—it struck Leolin—his brother Rupert.

"Why, who are you?" he exclaimed, stopping before them; and the child lifted his large gray eyes, and answered courteously:

"I am the lord of Pommeroy."

Leolin laughed slightingly.

"Poor child! who has been playing a farce upon you? Who is this boy?" he repeated to the attendant.

"Plait-il, monsieur."

Leolin changed his language to hers, which he spoke as a native, as did all the Pommeroys, and repeated the question.

"Monsieur, c'est le seigneur de Pommeroy."

Turning from them impatiently, he entered the drawing-room, and gazed with amazement at Sybilla, whom he instantly recognized.

"Why, Sybilla, is it you?" he exclaimed; "have you come back again?"

Mrs. Pommeroy glided up to them.

"Leolin, it is the lady of Pommeroy."

Leolin looked from one to the other with a darkening brow.

"The lady of—what do you say?"

But it was the lady herself—for so we must henceforth call her—who interposed.

"Leolin, I am the lady of Pommeroy; and have been, ever since the fatal night that deprived the abbey of Guy. George succeeded him; Rupert could not."

"Well!" quoth Leolin, wonderingly.

"Well—I was George's wife before your father died."

"I heard a tale of Sybilla Gaunt's flying from the village with a Pommeroy—after she could no longer stay in it," scoffed Leolin.—"But Rupert was pointed at as the guilty gallant."

The lady of Pommeroy confronted him, not giving way to anger, as might have been natural.

"I was married to George in the chapel here," she calmly said; "Guy and Rupert became the confidants of the secret, for my husband saw fit to impart it to them. I did stay here for several months afterwards; and then I joined my husband in Ireland, where the child was born. Rupert came to us there, and stood godfather to the boy."

"It is a forged, got-up—"

"Stay, Leolin," she interrupted, stopping some broad expletives that were about to follow. "Are the Gaunts capable of a lie!—Though my father's patrimony has been dwindling down for generations, till but a pittance is left of it, did you ever know him guilty of a dishonorable word or action? He has yielded obedience to the lords of Pommeroy almost as a menial, but he is still the self-conscious descendant of the Duke of Lancaster, and I am his daughter. *You know* that I would tell you nothing but truth. Or if you please to assume that it is not true, go and ask Father Andrew. He married us."

He stood confounded; he had no words of refutation ready.

"I am the lady of Pommeroy, George's widow," she quietly repeated, "and his child, Rupert, is the lord. I have come back to my fatherland to enjoy my own rights; I have come to the abbey to inhabit it. If I chose to assume my full rights, I should not live in it as the late lord's widow, but as the reigning lady; it can own no other lady than myself, so long as my child, its lord, shall be unmarried. But, Leolin, I have said to Mrs. Pommeroy—Where is she?"

The lady turned, and Rupert turned. Mrs. Pommeroy, who was at their side but a moment before, was no longer to be seen, though they had not noticed her departure.

"I have not come, Leolin, to stir up a whirlwind. I shall never fulfil one part of the lady of Pommeroy's duties—the receiving guests and the visiting them. I shall require but limited space in the abbey; but—you understand me—I must be its recognised lady; I am content to live in it quietly, unostentatiously, superintending the education and watching the health of my son. Therefore, though you are not, and cannot be, the abbey's lord, I should yet wish that you would live in it as the lord's representative; I should wish that you and your wife—whom I hear you have newly wedded, and who, of course, married you expecting to be lady of Pommeroy—should live in it, and do its honors, and enjoy a large portion of its revenues; its chiefs, in all but name. Leolin, you will not guess the feeling that prompts me to say this."

He did not ask her to enlighten him; he stood, as before, with compressed lips.

"I will tell you," she said, sinking her voice to a whisper. "So long as—he—lives, he is the true lord of Pommeroy. He is, Leolin; though by one wild action, committed in the heat of passion, he may have forfeited the enjoyment of his rights, he is the true lord of Pommeroy; in spite of his being compelled to live in exile, in poverty, he is yet the chief of Pommeroy. Nor George, nor our child, nor you, had, or can have, a real title to profit by these advantages while he lives—"

"How can you give utterance to so absurd a theory?" broke out Leolin, with flashing anger.

"I speak as I feel," she quietly said; "I feel that, in spite of what happened, he is the only legitimate chief of Pommeroy. Had it been premeditated murder, indeed, then I grant you, exile, death, would be too good for him; but you know what it was, a quarrel, a scuffle. Thus I feel that not one of us has more right to enjoy these advantages than another; nay, that you, as the last of the brothers, have perhaps the most. It was this feeling, as much as his ill-health, that prevented my husband coming home to establish himself at Pommeroy; he felt that the right was but a false one, while his unhappy brother lived. My child is the lord, and must be, for we cannot put away the laws of succession; but, Leolin, do you and your wife remain in the abbey, and keep up its splendor and its gaiety."

Still there came no reply from the displaced lord.

"Another thing," she went on, in a changed tone. "A voice seems to whisper me that should I assume my full rights here, it would only be to resign them to you on the death of my child. I do not think he will live, Leolin; he had a long illness in India, a succession of fever upon fever, and he has never recovered it. Should he die, as I greatly fear, then you are again the lord of Pommeroy."

"Where did you get that carriage with the lord's coat-of-arms?" abruptly asked Leolin, breaking into a different subject, with scant ceremony.

"They are the arms of my child, and his alone. I halted three months in Paris, for he had there a renewal of his fever. We came home the overland route, but very slowly; months we have been over it. I bought the carriage in Paris, and had the arms placed on it. Leolin, shall it be peace?"

"I don't know what it shall be," roughly returned Leolin, as he turned from the room.

He went straight to his own chamber, there to brood over the news. It was a most unpleasant situation to be placed in. Had he been single, he might possibly have felt it less; though to be suddenly cut down from his honor and dignity as lord of Pommeroy, was a mortification of which he could not yet realize the full bitterness. His mind was in a chaos; he could not tell what his course should be; to deny or suppress the marriage might prove a vain hope; but—could he not get it annulled, and all its consequences with it!—His eye lighted, and his heart warmed within him at the thought; for he knew how great was the influence of the lord of Pommeroy at the court of the Vatican. The lord of Pommeroy! what vain fancy was he revelling in?—this child was the lord of Pommeroy, himself lord no longer. Leolin Pommeroy, with an oath and a groan, bent his head on the table in gloomy discontent.

He knew not how long he remained so. A gentle hand stole round his neck, and aroused him. His wife put up her other hand, and laid her face upon his.

"Leolin, my dearest, why need you care?" she whispered. "I am only thankful that it did not happen before yesterday, or they might have refused me to you."

His face flushed.

"Anna—what are you speaking of? what have you heard?"

"I have heard all—that you are not the lord of Pommeroy, and that this beautiful abbey is not our own home. But, Leolin, we may laugh at them, for they cannot separate us."

"How did you learn the news?"

"Mrs. Pommeroy came to the garden and told me."

Leolin Pommeroy swore a savage oath; he was beginning to hate Mrs. Pommeroy.

"My wife, my wife! it is for your sake that I could curse the tidings."

She kissed away the words, her cheeks blushing, her shy eyes drooping.

"Oh, Leolin, my darling, they may take everything from me but you."

He raised her face and made her look at him, made her meet the full bent of his loving gaze.

"I am now but Leolin Pommeroy."

"I married Leolin Pommeroy; I married you; Leolin, my husband, my best-beloved!"

A message was brought to the abbey that night. Gaunt was dying, and he demanded to see Leolin. It was known previously that he was ill, it might be unto death, and his daughter had quitted the abbey to visit him immediately after her interview with Leolin, taking with her the young lord. Gaunt had long been declining, latterly dangerously so, and it now seemed as though he had only lived to see his daughter.

At first Leolin refused to obey the summons; but he thought better of it, and went. As he approached the cottage, he saw Father Andrew coming from it.

"He will not last out the night," cried the priest to Leolin. "I am on my way to prepare and bring him the last sacraments."

Leolin caught the father by the arm.

"She—Sybilla—is come home with a tale that you married her, years ago, to my brother George."

"It is a true one," replied the priest, "I did marry them."

"Was it in your line of duty, father, to unite Sybilla Gaunt to a Pommeroy?" he questioned, in a tone of severity.

Nothing put out the good-humored priest; severity fell harmless upon him; he opened his snuff-box, and shovelled out a heap that would hardly have gone into a tablespoon.

"You know what the Pommeroy will is; George Pommeroy possessed it equally with the rest of you. He did not say to me, Will you marry me? he said, Do it. A brave little fellow, the young lord, if they can only get some flesh upon his bones."

Away went the father, enjoying his snuff, and away went Leolin to the cottage. Gaunt was on his bed, the death-sweats already on his once noble face; the young lord leaned by his side, half in fear, half in curiosity, and his mother sat at a little distance.

"I could not die without seeing you, Leolin Pommeroy," began Gaunt; "you are the only brother left; you will protect my daughter and her child."

"I will not recognise the child as lord of Pommeroy," deliberately replied Leolin.

"He is the lord of Pommeroy, whether you recognize him or not. I was not speaking of their rights; they are beyond your power to disturb; I was thinking of kindness. George, lord of Pommeroy, is dead; by to-morrow I shall be dead; and none will be near them to whisper a word of protection and comfort, but you."

"The boy would wrest my inheritance from me, usurp that of my children," sullenly repeated Leolin.

Gaunt struggled with his weakness, and by a marvellous effort lifted and supported himself on one elbow. He solemnly raised the other hand towards Leolin in a warning attitude, and spoke in a tone that thrilled through them all:

"Beware, Leolin Pommeroy! One awful judgment has already fallen on your family; do not you provoke another. *As you deal by this child, so may you be prosperous in your own children!*—and take heed how you despise the warning of a dying man."

He fell back panting. The lady of Pommeroy rose to administer some reviving drops; and Leolin Pommeroy stalked forth into the night air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

## IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### Book the Third. The Track of a Storm.

### CHAPTER X.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterward resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired; but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these, my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment Seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine, for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage-door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and as far as I could see, face too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two, has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

"'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am Doctor Manette, of whom you speak so graciously.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage-door. They were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second.

"'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. * * * *

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterward when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp, soft footpath, in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it with his heavy riding-glove across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked) I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing, and in moving the scarf aside the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say, 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"'She has a husband, a father, and a brother?'

"'A brother.'

"'I do not address her brother?'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"'She has some recent association with the number twelve?'

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock!'

"'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. * * * *

"I opened some of the bottles, smelled them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"'Do you doubt them?' asked the younger brother.

"'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encourage-

ment in the case was that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence that for minutes at a time it tranquilized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries: no pendulum could be more regular.

"For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half-an-hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"'There is another patient.'

"I was startled, and asked:

"'Is it a pressing case?'

"'You had better see,' he carelessly answered; and took up a light. * * * * *

"The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

"On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him; but I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"'I am a doctor, my poor fellow,' said I.—'Let me examine it.'

"'I do not want it examined,' he answered; 'let it be.'

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay.—He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow creature.

"'How has this been done, monsieur?' said I.

"'A crazed young common dog! A serf!—Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman.'

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"'Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—Have you seen her?"

"The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

"'She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too—a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.'

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"'We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!'

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

"'Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her to make her willing?'

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see even in this Bastille; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment and passionate revenge.

"'You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.'

"Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

"'Then, with that man's permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand. Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?'

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"'She heard me and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.'

"My glance had fallen but a few moments before on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

"'Now lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?'

"'He is not here,' I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"'He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him.'

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely; obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

"'Marquis,' said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.'

"Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. * * * * *

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"'Is she dead?' asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

"'Not dead,' said I; 'but like to die.'

"'What strength there is in these common bodies!' he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"'There is prodigious strength,' I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice:

"'Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen and not spoken of.'

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"'Do you honor me with your attention, Doctor?'

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence.'

"I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

"Her breathing was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. * * * * * * *

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and confined to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative.—There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Toward the last I could understand some few syllables that she said to me by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name.—She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

"I had no opportunity of asking her any question until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

"'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went in.

"'She is dead,' said I.

"'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words, as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and resolved to accept nothing.

"'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. * * * * *

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided that day to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me, just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. * * * * *

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evremonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I can not write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. * * * * * * *

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be? The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him—

"'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?'

"The child answered her bravely,

"'Yes!'

"I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, toward nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, up stairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—oh, my wife, beloved of my heart!—my fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honore, he said. It would not detain me: he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to me, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that he had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexander Manette, unhappy prisoner, do, this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

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A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastille memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematized by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity, and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore, when the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervor, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him has that Doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my Doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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How Dueling was Stopped in Illinois.—In moralizing upon dueling, the Chicago Press and Tribune informs us how the law became a dead letter in Illinois, by reviving the history of the first and only duel ever fought in that State. In the year 1820, Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett fought with rifles in St. Clair County, and Stewart fell mortally wounded on the first fire. Bennett made his escape into Arkansas, where he remained two years. His whereabouts was discovered, he was arrested, brought back, indicted, tried, convicted of murder, and executed. Governor Bond was besieged days and weeks by the disciples of the code, clamoring for pardon. But he closed his door against petition and entreaty, and William Bennett dangled at a rope's end, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. This was the first and last duel ever fought on the soil of Illinois, and it effectually crushed out all respect for the bloody code in that State.

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Presidential Candidates.—Prominent among the persons having more or less chance of nomination for the next Presidency, may be mentioned:—W. H. Seward, Colley Cibber, Captain Rynders, Horace Greeley, E. Meriam, James Gordon Bennett, Lucy Stone, Barney Field, S. A. Douglas, John C. Heenan, Henry Ward Beecher, William E. Burton, Stephen H. Branch, Lord Dundreary, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Henry A. Wise, George Mundy, Awful Gardner, Andrew Jackson Davis, Jefferson Ditto, Abby Folsom, Tom Hyer, J. C. Fremont, the Voice of the People, Chevalier Wikoff, James Buchanan, Jane G. Swisshelm, Ned Buntline, Thomas Thumb, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Bloomer, Parson Brownlow, Deacon Hallock, and Mr. Yeadon's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind."

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Curiosity.—Madame de Puisieux says: "Curiosity has ruined more young girls than love;" and Rochebome remarks that "daughters, who wish to know too much about love, seldom lose time in wishing to practice it."

## Professor Benj. Hardinge's Gold Quartz Dissolving Process Successful.

From the U. S. Mining Journal &c., New York, October 29, 1859.

When we announced, three years since, through our columns, that Professor Hardinge had, after many years of study and research, positively discovered a process of dissolving quartz and rocks into a fluid state, the assertion (although backed by the certificates of Professor Girard, of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Adelberg, and J. E. Schwabe, of New York, and Professor Moffat, late United States Assayist,) was received with general incredulity.

So astounding were the results in *future*, of this wonderful discovery, that letters of inquiry from all parts of the world poured in on Professor Hardinge, who, in a four column card which appeared in the New York Tribune of February 17th, 1857, boldly stated his claim, the perfecting of which can now be seen at the work in Broadway, near 104th street, N. Y.

The following letter from Professor Fleury, and the annexed certificates from the hands employed at Hardinge's factory, will be read with much interest:

To the Editor of the U. S. Mining Journal—

The following announcement will, no doubt, attract the attention of truly scientific and practical men, and I beg hereby to communicate to the public, through your valuable journal, all the facts concerned:

I was honored with an invitation to visit the works of Professor Hardinge, at 104th street and Broadway, near his residence at Woodlawn, *and saw him dissolve one ton of quartz* at a time, in about one thousand gallons of water. This digester holds over three thousand gallons, and is capable of discharging six thousand gallons of "liquid flint" every day. The liquid quartz which I saw dissolved is chemically pure, and the solution perfect, the liquid forming a thick pellicle, when heated and exposed to the air, although it may be preserved any length of time, in close reservoirs, in the same liquid state.

My attention was drawn towards Professor Hardinge about two years ago by an article on this subject, occupying over four columns of the Tribune, and signed by a number of eminent European chemists. I then first learned of his success in synthetical chemistry and in the formation of *every* kind of "artificial" rock at pleasure, moulded into building stone, statuary, chalcedony, &c., in all varieties, and of the same elements as the mountain rocks are formed.

Since the above mentioned publication and my consequent personal acquaintance with Professor Hardinge, he has been industriously engaged in overcoming the great difficulty of separating gold and silver from *Quartzose Pyrites*. His success in this department will soon be known to the commercial world.

His method of treating bituminous and cannel coals by first *dissolving twenty tons at a time into Petroleum*, deodorizing and purifying the same, will shortly be made known, and his long years of untiring industry will be appreciated.

Having taken every pains to keep fully posted on all that has been discovered and practically done in this department in France, England, and Germany, as well as in this country, I know that never before has such a perfect solution of the refractory silica on such a large scale been presented to the scientific and *industrial* world, and I can vouch for the fact that Mr. Hardinge has exhibited *liquid* flint with silica, in far greater excess over any *solvent base* than has ever before been achieved by the ablest chemists, either in Europe or in this country.

This fact has been tested by several European celebrities, whose certificates I have seen, given by them after examining samples of the article, which is now exhibited in such large quantities.

A. L. Fleury, Practical Chemist.

Then follow the affidavits of the men employed in the factory.

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Action of the Governor of Virginia.—A great effort is said to be making to induce Governor Wise to commute the sentence of Brown to imprisonment for life. This probably will not be done. The Richmond Enquirer, edited by the Governor's son says:—We regret to see even the New York Journal of Commerce join the mistaken cry for clemency, and its reasons imply that a living *martyr*, at "hard work for life," is less dangerous than a dead martyr—that the penitentiary makes a man more of a felon than the gallows—and that "misguided people" sympathize more with the forgotten dead than with the suffering, hard working, confined living.

To us it appears that John Brown, at hard labor, would be a continual source of supply for abolition fanaticism, that his groans would resound from Richmond to Eastport, and from the James river to the St. Lawrence; that every meeting of the Black Republican and Abolition parties would herald forth resolutions for his liberation; and that the stump, in every election, from a constable to the Presidency, would be redolent with praises of his heroism and curses upon his imprisonment. Not so with John Brown executed.

He has forfeited his life, and, though possessed of many traits of character that were worthy of a better fate, pity and commiseration are closed against the murderer of Turner, Beckham, &c.

Virginia will execute Brown and his associates, and feels herself able to meet all the consequences that may arise from that act.

---

An anecdote, relative to the late Professor Wilson, is just now circulating. When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his, probably, not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "*With the author's compliments.*" He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1859.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania. | | South Carolina. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| New Jersey. | | Alabama. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 3 dis |
| Delaware. | | Mississippi. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | All bks | uncertain |
| Maryland. | | Louisiana. | |
| Baltimore | ¼ dis | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Ohio. | |
| New York. | | Solv bks | ¼ dis |
| Sol bks | par to ¼ dis | Kentucky. | |
| Maine. | | Solv bks | ¼ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Indiana. | |
| New Hampshire. | | State bank | ¾ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Illinois. | |
| Vermont. | | Solv bks | 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Missouri. | |
| Connecticut. | | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Tennessee. | |
| Massachusetts. | | Old bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Michigan. | |
| Rhode Island. | | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Wisconsin. | |
| Virginia. | | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| Solv bks | ½ to ¾ dis | Texas. | |
| Dist. of Columbia. | | Commercial and Agricultural bank. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Galveston | 10 dis |
| North Carolina. | | Canada. | |
| Solv bks | ½ to 1 dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Georgia. | | | |
| Solv bks | 1 dis | | |

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little movement in the market this week. The receipts and stocks continue light, but the export demand is very limited, and holders of Flour, at the close, are more anxious to sell. The transactions only reach about 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots, for shipment, at $5,25 for good straight superfine, $5,50@5,75 for extras, $5,62½ for Brandywine, and $6,25@6,50 for family Flour, as in quality, including 400 bbls Kishicoquillas extra on terms kept private, the market closing dull at these rates. The retailers and bakers have been buying moderately at from $5,25 up to $6,50@7 for superfine, extra and fancy lots, as to brand. Rye Flour continues scarce, with small receipts and sales at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, but the demand is less active, and Penna Meal is held at $4 ₱ bbl. A sale of 200 bbls, however, was made at $3,87½, which is a decline.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue very light, and holders have realized a further advance of 4@5c ₱ bus since last week; however, the market has been unsettled and lower, and part of the improvement has been lost; the week's sales comprise about 20,000 bus in lots at from 128 to 135c for fair to choice reds, the latter for handsome Delaware afloat, and 138 to 145c for white; buyers are not disposed to pay these rates, and we quote the former at 130@133c, and the latter at 140@143c, and very little doing. Rye is in steady demand, with further small receipts, and sales at 90c for Pennsylvania, and 86c for Delaware. Corn has been in steady demand, but the market closes dull and drooping, the receipts and stocks, however, are light, with sales of about 28,000 bus yellow to note at 95@96c in store, and 96c afloat, closing at 93c; included in the above are some sales of new Corn at from 70 to 80c as to condition, mostly at the latter rate for dry lots. Oats are nearly steady in price, with sales of 25,000 bus mostly at 43c for Delaware afloat; Pennsylvania are worth 44c. Barley and Malt are firmly held, with limited sales.

PROVISIONS—The market has been very inactive this week; the supplies of most kinds are light for the season, but the demand has fallen off, and some holders have been closing out their stocks in the neighboring markets. Mess Pork is selling in a small way only at $18, and City Mess Beef at $15 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off slowly at 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. No Hams in first hands. We quote them at 12½@13c ₱ lb. Of Green Meats the stock is about exhausted, we are only advised of small sales of Shoulders in salt at 8@8½c, on time. Lard is quiet at 11c for bbls and tes, and 12c for kegs. 200 kegs sold at this rate on time. Roll Butter is firm, prime selling at 18@19c, and Goshen at 22@23c, as to lots; solid is dull at 10@12c. Cheese is worth 10½@11½c, and Eggs 18@19c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The frost accounts from the South have imparted a little more firmness to holders, but there is very little doing, buyers purchasing only to supply their immediate wants, and the market has been very dull this week, at about former quotations; the sales reaching some 850 bales in small lots at from 11½ to 12c, cash and time, mostly at from 12 to 12½c, cash, for good middling and middling fair Uplands.

BARK—About 60 hhds Quercitron sold early in the week at $29, but the demand having since fallen off some small sales of 1st No 1 have been made at $28 ₱ ton, which is a decline on previous sales. Tanners' Bark is unchanged but quiet.

BEESWAX—Further small sales of good yellow are reported at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—The stock is light, and the demand good. We quote Schuylkill White Ash at $3,30@3,40, and Red Ash at $3,50@3,80 ₱ ton, and stove Coal very scarce. Lehigh is also selling freely and commands full rates. No change in Bituminous Coal, and but little doing.

COPPER—The market is unchanged for both Sheathing and Yellow Metal, and a limited business doing.

COFFEE—Holders are firm in their views, but there has been very little doing in the way of sales, the stock of Rio being nearly all out of first hands, and some 700 bags have been disposed of in lots at 11@12c, on time, some further small sales of Laguayra are also reported at 12@14c, time.

FEATHERS are steady in price, and some 7000 lbs Western found buyers at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples range at $2@3, and Cranberries at $14@16 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Of dried Fruit the receipts and stocks continue light, and the market dull at 5½@6c for Apples, and 7@15c ₱ lb for Peaches for unpared and pared, as in quality.

HEMP—There has been little or no movement in the market to alter quotations.

HIDES—The market continues dull, and no further sales of any consequence have come under our notice, the tanners are holding off and not disposed to operate to any extent; the sales of Caracas Hides, noticed last week, were at a fraction off 22c, on the usual credit.

HOPS move off as wanted at 14@17c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western, as to lots.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is steady, but quiet at previous quoted rates, some 600 tons Anthracite only having been disposed of in lots at $22½ for No 2, and $23½ for No 1; 500 tons Forge also sold at $21, all 6 mos; nothing doing in Scotch Pig, and little or no stock in first hands; Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull. In Manufactured Iron the transactions are mostly in a small way, without change in prices.

LEAD—The market is steady and the stock light, the only sale being 528 pigs Spanish, taken on landing, at a price not made public.

LEATHER—Business is rather more active, and good stock is selling at full rates, but other kinds remain dull.

LUMBER—There is very little movement in the market, Susquehanna Culling Boards selling at $13@17; Yellow Sap do $14@14,50, and Lehigh Hemlock at $10. Some sales of Laths are reported at $1,75@1,80 ₱ M, as to lots, including a cargo taken at the former rate.

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and we are only advised of a few small sales of Cuba at 20@22c for clayed, and 28@30 for Muscovado, and some New Orleans at 40@41c, all on time.

SEEDS—There has been more doing in Clover-seed, and prices are unsettled and lower, some 2500 bus having been disposed of in lots at $5@5,50, as in quality, mostly at $5,25 ₱ bus for prime seed, the market closing with more firmness, and not so much offering. Timothy is wanted at $2,37½@2,50 ₱ bus, and but little coming forward. Flax-seed is in steady demand at $1,55@1,60 ₱ bus for domestic.

SPIRITS—There has been rather more doing in foreign, and sales of Brandy have been made from the wharf at full prices. Gins are quiet. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@37c, the latter for small lots. Whiskey has been unsettled, large sales of bbls having been made at from 26½c up to 28c for inferior to prime pkgs, drudge at 25@25½c, and hhds at 27c.

SUGARS are firmer; the stock in first hands is very much reduced, and offered less freely, and some 600 hhds have been taken, principally by the trade, at from 6 to 7½ for Cuba and 7 to 7¾ for New Orleans, on time; the bulk of the sales were of the former description.

TALLOW—The market is rather more active, and sales are reported at 10½@11c ₱ lb, the latter for prime city rendered.

TOBACCO—There is little or no change in the market for either leaf or manufactured, and a small business doing.

WOOL—The market for this staple has been very inactive. The receipts and stocks, however, are light, and holders firm in their demands, but the sales have mostly been in small lots, including common to prime domestic Fleece, at from 40 to 63c, and foreign at from 17 to 25c, nett, the latter from Smyrna.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2100 head. The rates were from 7 to 9½c for ordinary to prime lots, the latter being only realized for a few superior lots. Sheep—5000 arrived during the week, and sold at 6½ to 8c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cows—50 head at market, selling at from $25 to 40.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1726 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8 ₱ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 3.—BREADSTUFFS — Flour heavy—sales of 8500 bbls at 5@10c decline. Ohio $5,40@5,50; Southern $5,50@5,70. Wheat has a declining tendency and prices are 1@2c lower. Corn dull, but unchanged. Pork dull at $15,25 for Mess, and $10,50 for Prime. Lard heavy. Whiskey dull and nominal at 26½@27c.

THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HAMILTON'S

## VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

*FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.*

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

## THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

| | |
|---|---|
| G. P. R. JAMES. | MARY HOWITT. |
| CHARLES DICKENS. | AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM." |
| ALFRED TENNYSON. | AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES." |
| CHARLES READE. | GRACE GREENWOOD. |
| H. W. LONGFELLOW. | MISS PARDOE. |
| CHARLES MACKAY. | FLORENCE PERCY. |
| WILKIE COLLINS. | AMELIA B. EDWARDS |
| DR. O. W. HOLMES. | EMMA ALICE BROWN |
| T. S. ARTHUR. | AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET." |
| AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c. | MRS. M. A. DENISON. |
| ALEXANDER DUMAS. | FANNY M. RAYMOND. |
| JOHN G. WHITTIER. | NORA PERRY. |
| OWEN MEREDITH. | IRA CRAIG. |
| P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.") | MISS MARTINEAU. |
| LIEUT. HABERSHAM. | |

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

### TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

*HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS*—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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| 15 | " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,) | 15.00 " |
| 20 | " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,) | 20.00 " |
| 30 | " (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,) | 30.00 " |

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

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LETTER FROM FRED. DOUGLASS.—Douglass writes a letter from Canada West to the Rochester American, denying that he ever promised to be present at the Harper's Ferry "insurrection." He says: "Cook is wholly, grievously and unaccountably wrong, when he asserts that I promised to be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Of whatever other imprudence and indiscretion I may have been guilty, I have never made a promise so rash and wild as this. The taking of Harper's Ferry was a measure never encouraged by my word or by my vote, at any time or place."

His field of labor, he says, has not extended to an attack upon the United States Arsenal, but he is ever ready to write, speak, or organize, publish, combine, and even to conspire against slavery, when there is a reasonable hope of success. "The tools to those that can use them." Let every man work for the abolition of slavery in his own way. He would help all, and hinder none. He has no apology to make for keeping out of the way of those gentlemanly U. S. Marshals, who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately, with a view to an interview with him. A government recognizing the validity of the Dred Scott decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings towards him; if he is to meet its representatives he prefers to do so, at least, upon equal terms. If he has committed any offence against society it has been done on the soil of the State of New York, and he should be perfectly willing there to be arraigned before an impartial jury; but he has quite insuperable objections to being caught by the hands of Mr. Buchanan, and "hagged" by Gov. Wise. Lest some reflections may be made upon his going to England just at this time, he states that his visit to that country has rather been delayed than hastened by the Harper's Ferry matter. All knew, he says, that he had intended to leave this country in the first week in November.

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LOST CHILD RECOVERED—KIDNAPPER ARRESTED.—Several days since, a child, about 2½ years old, was missed from the residence of its father, Capt. McNally, in Cleveland, Ohio, and the strictest search through that city and neighborhood for several days, was unsuccessful.—A child, answering the description of the lost one, was seen in company with a woman about 80 miles from Cleveland, by a conductor, and an order was instantly sent by telegraph to arrest the supposed kidnapper. She was accordingly arrested at Delaware, and sent back to Cleveland on the 20th ult., when the lost child was recognized by the delighted parents, and the woman committed for trial. She assigned no reason for stealing the child.

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MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & Co., of this city, have bought the copyright lately held by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and will, hereafter, be the exclusive publishers of the Prescott histories.

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### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,
No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

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THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP.—See SCHONBERG & Co.'s advertisement in this paper.

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, at the residence of Mrs. Anna Mann, near Reedsville, Mifflin county, Pa. by the Rev. Geo. Elliott, Mr. W. J. W. BRISBIN, to Miss ANNIE M. MANN.

At Friends' Meeting House, on Sixth street, on third-day, the 1st instant, WILLIAM T. REED, of Harford county, Maryland, to MARGARETTA E. daughter of Thos. McClellin, of this city.

October 9th, 1859, by the Rev. Thomas Lilly, JOHN E. RILEY, to MARY, daughter of Philip Kelly, Esq. both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, JAMES W. MCALLISTER, to Miss ANNABELLA CRESSON, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Suddards, Rector of Grace Church, Mr. DANIEL ERVAN, of Mount Holly, N. J. to Miss JANE TENNENT, of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS B. MILLER, to Miss KATE E. COLWELL, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. WILLIAM SUNDERLAND, late of England, to Miss MARTHA DENTON, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. CHARLES F. NOBLE, to Miss CARRIE YOUNG, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH PUGH, daughter of Wm. D. and Caroline B. Kelley, in her 3d year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARY G. wife of Dr. S. Murphy.

On the 30th ultimo, SAMUEL H. CARPENTER, Jr. youngest son of Saml. H. and Anna R. Carpenter.

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, on the 30th ult. Mr. LEVI LINGO, in his 62d year.

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 1st, the Rev. NATHAN STEM, D. D., Rector of St. John's Church, Norristown.

At his residence, in Fourth street, near Green, on third-day, the 1st instant, JOSEPH WARNER, aged 76 years.

At Germantown, on Monday afternoon, on the 31st ultimo, Dr. JACOB FRICK, in his 77th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY ANN REESE, wife of Mr. George Reese, aged 56 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARGARET CRAIG, aged 83 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH STOUT, aged 75 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN GASKILL, in her 54th year.

On the 1st instant, after a lingering illness, Mr. ROBERT A. SMITH, in his 36th year.

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## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct, 1868 | | |
| " " '62 | 106 | — |
| " " '67 | 106 | — |
| " " '68 | 102 | — |
| " 6 " coupon '74 | 102½ | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 101 | 103 |
| " " new | 104 | 104½ |
| " 5 " | 84 | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct, | 75 | — |
| " " coupon | — | 85 |
| Allegh City 6 pr ct | 65 | 75 |
| " County " | — | — |
| R R issue | 42½ | — |
| Penn 5 pr ct | 92½ | 93½ |
| Penn 6 " | 91½ | 92 |
| " 5 " coupon | 79 | — |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 89½ | — |
| Ohio " 1856 | 106 | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98 | 98½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 pr ct | 82 | — |
| Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds | 91½ | 92 |
| N Y City, 6 pr ct | 114 | 115 |
| BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA. | | |
| North America | 150 | 160 |
| Philadelphia | 145 | 150 |
| Far & Mec | 105 | 110 |
| Commercial | — | 65½ |
| N Liberty | 61 | — |
| Mechanics | 36½ | 36½ |
| Southwark | 60 | — |
| P Township | 35½ | — |
| Kensington | 54 | 60 |
| Girard | 46 | 47½ |
| Western | — | 60 |
| Man & Mec | 27½ | — |
| Commerce | — | 70 |
| Tradesman's | 62½ | — |
| City | 45 | 46 |
| Consolidation | — | 25 |
| Commonwealth | — | 26½ |
| Corn Exchange | 30½ | — |
| Germantown | — | 50 |
| Pittsburg, Pitt'bg | 54 | — |
| Exchange " | 54 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 119 | — |
| Northern " | 122 | — |
| Louisville " | 119 | 120 |
| Farmers " | 120 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 103 | 104 |
| Planters " | 108 | 110 |
| N O Gas Light | 100 | — |
| Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 22½ | — |
| Lehigh Zinc | 1 | 1½ |
| New Creek | — | 1 |
| New Grenada | — | 1 |
| N America Ins'co | 14½ | — |
| N Liberties Gas | 21 | — |
| Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds | 54 | 56 |
| | 99 | 99 |

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Pennsylvania RR. | | |
| 1st mort bonds | — | 100 |
| 2nd " | 65½ | 67½ |
| stock | 57½ | 58 |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864 | — | 95 |
| stock | 125 | 125 |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70 | 77 | 78 |
| mort 6's '44 | — | 90 |
| " '66 | 67 | 68 |
| stock | 12½ | 13 |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 87 | 87½ |
| stock | 42 | 45 |
| Phil, Wil & Balt stock | 33 | 36 |
| 6 pr ct loan, '60 | 82 | — |
| Ches Val R R, '75 | — | 95 |
| Tioga R R, '75 | — | 85 |
| Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort | 60 | 80 |
| 2nd " | 7½ | 8 |
| stock | 2 | 3 |
| Catawissa | — | — |
| Beaver Meadow stock | — | 57½ |
| preferred 10 pr ct | 58 | — |
| North Penn's R R stock | 9½ | 9½ |
| 6 pr ct loan | 81½ | 82 |
| Phil Ger & Nor RR. stock, div'd off | 48 | 49 |
| 6 pr ct loan | 97 | 102½ |
| Minehill R R | 55½ | 56 |
| Har & Lan R R stock | 54 | 55 |
| bonds '85 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R. stock | — | 16 |
| Long Island R R stock | 10½ | 10½ |
| bonds | 87 | 88 |
| Erie R R stock | 7½ | — |
| Hudson River R R | 31½ | — |
| N Y Central | 78 | — |
| Michigan Central | 67½ | 68 |
| Illinois " | 84 | — |
| Michigan Southern | 70 | — |
| CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62 | 66 | 67 |
| imp. 6 pr ct | 77½ | 78 |
| stock | 6 | 7 |
| preferred | 15½ | 16 |
| Lehigh Nav stock | 49½ | 50 |
| mort 6 pr ct | 86 | — |
| scrip | 23½ | 24 |
| Morris Consol'd | 48 | 49 |
| preferred | 104½ | 105½ |
| Cass & Del bonds | 60 | — |
| | 72½ | — |
| Union " | 1 | — |
| bonds | — | — |
| Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1870 | 2 | 3 |
| | — | 98 |

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# Wit and Humor.

## SCIENCE.

CHEMISTRY.

Ques.—What is Prussian-blue? Ans.—A drunken Dutchman.

Q.—What chemist is not to be believed? A.—Liebig.

Q.—What chemical product formed a considerable article of trade in California at one time? A.—Oxides.

Q.—What exchanged for? A.—Bullion.

METALLURGY.

Q.—What is the best copper? A.—"Superior copper."

Q.—What is brass? A.—Assurance.

Q.—What is lead? A.—An animal production.

Q.—Why? A.—Because it is found in pigs.

Q.—How do you try the temper of iron? A.—By making it *steel*.

Q.—What is cast steel? A.—A kind of soap.

Q.—By what people is it not known? A.—Castilians.

ELECTRICITY.

Q.—What is a "battery?" A.—Grounds for indictment.

Q.—How is a battery charged? A.—By fines and costs.

Q.—How do you give a shock? A.—By calling a lady an "old maid."

Q.—What is a positive pole? A.—Kosciusko.

EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW SET OF TEETH.—We have been very much amused in listening to an acquaintance of ours when describing his experience with a new set of teeth. He remarked—

"I have had all my teeth pulled out, for, to tell the truth, I think they have been a curse to me always, rather than a blessing. Now, in their place, I have had false ones put in, and I must tell you my experience with my new masticators. I felt, when the 'set' was first put in, as though I had a couple of wheelbarrows full of paving-stones lying around loose in my mouth, and it seemed as if they were going to be spilled out at every moment. The first day I waited till every one had done their dinner, not daring to make an exhibition of my teeth, and run the risk of their dropping on the table. Well, I chewed a little and stopped, chewed again and stopped, and finally went to my room and laid the things on the back part of an upper shelf, thinking they were no go. The next day I tried them again, but with little better success, and after this I would carry them in my pocket, occasionally trying the things on, and every time experiencing some new emotion. One day they would feel as much like a great horse-shoe, with nails in, as anything else; and again I could be certain that I had a great circular wheel stowed under my lips. Some of my experience was very comical. They served me so many times, and I was getting rather tired of my bargain; but by my perseverance I have become used to their ways, and now they cannot get away from me, as I know just how to manage them, and how to bite on them, and bless from the bottom of my heart the inventor of false teeth."

"MY FATHER'S CUMMIN."—A young urchin, before the new act, was employed to sweep the chimney of a house in Macclesfield, and having ascended to the "summit of his profession" took a survey. This completed, he prepared to descend, but, mistaking the flue, he found himself, on his landing, in the office of a limb of the law, whose meditations were put to flight. The sensation of both parties it is impossible to describe—the boy, terrified lest he should be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer, struck dumb, started from his seat, the very image of horror, but spoke not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue, and in accents which only increased the terrors of the man of law, cried out—

"My father's cummin' directly."

This was enough. The presence of an equivocal being, so introduced, unnerved his heart; with one bound, the affrighted lawyer flew down stairs, and sought refuge in the street from the enemy. Lawyers, take warning!

WANTED TO HIRE.—A lady having a pleasant home, and no encumbrances but a husband and one child, wishes to place herself at the disposal of some servant who can come well recommended from her last place. She would prefer one who would be willing to remain in doors at least five minutes after the work is finished. She would also stipulate for the privilege of going to church herself once each Sunday, having been compelled to refuse the last applicant, who was not willing to allow her but half a day once a fortnight. Wages satisfactory—if under $10 a week.

She is deeply conscious of the utter inability of ladies in general to comply with the present demands of servants, but she hopes by strict attention to please in all respects. The best of reference can be given; also, a good recommend from one who has now left her to the fate of many housekeepers. Please apply before 6, A. M.

WHAT HE SAW.—A boy who had been brought up in a log house in Illinois, which of course was not much encumbered with useless furniture, was sent one day on an errand to a neighbor's house, where several articles of fashionable contrivance had arrived from the "Eastward," and, among other things, a looking-glass, which was suspended opposite the door. The boy had never seen his own face; and when, on entering the house, the first object that presented itself to his view was a dirty looking phiz, surrounded by long, shaggy, yellow hair, &c., he was so affrighted that without further ceremony, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, exclaiming, "Daddy, daddy, I've seen the devil!"

☞ LADIES WEARING SUSPENDERS.—"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man."—*Deuteronomy* xxii. 5.

☞ Sausage-maker's sign. Love me, love my dog.—*Sat. Press.*

A GOOD ANSWER.—Some thirty years ago, in Baltimore, a worthy Hibernian pedagogue, named Cornelius Dwyer, kept a flourishing school, or "academy," as he was pleased to designate it, where many of the youthful Baltimoreans of that day were instructed in the three great arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. While, however, Mr. Dwyer was well enough qualified for the routine of ordinary school learning, he had an ambition that his academy should be considered a school where all the higher branches could be acquired, and accordingly kept in his advertisements and circulars, as among the branches taught, "geometry, trigonometry, astronomy, navigation, the use of the globes," ect., etc., etc.; feeling satisfied that among his pupils none would be likely to aspire to the giddy heights of these abstruse sciences. But it happened one of his patrons, another Irishman, of not much learning, but who had, in the grocery trade, acquired a competence, was desirous of giving his only son all the advantages of a liberal education; and accordingly, one day in January when the mercury was down to zero and below, and the bay and river had been for weeks firmly closed by ice, he dispatched the boy to Mr. Dwyer's institution of learning with the following request:

"Please, sir, father says that I am to be brought up to commercial pursuits, and he wants you to teach me navigation.

Mr. Dwyer was somewhat astounded at this request, and for a moment hesitated to reply; but at length broke out with,

"An' how does yer father expect me to tache ye navigation whin the navigation is all closed up entirely?"

AN IRISH WAGER.—"Nate hand you are, thin, my darlin'!" said one Irish bricklayer to another; "you mount the ladder wid your hod full o' stones, and scatter 'em on the heads iv us as ye go. 'Och! blatheration, blood an' ouns! by thim that's howly, I'd sarry yersilf, from the flats to the roof, an' down agin widout ye bein' split."

"Ye don't do it, sir-r!" returned the fellow-laborer; "I'd lay a trifle ye couldn't."

"For a pint o' whiskey I would, tho'—is it the likes o' ye I might not lift? D'ye take my bet, honey?"

"Faith, an' I'll bet my hide agin yer pint, an' that's a fair trade, that ye can't."

"In wid yer dirty karkas, an' we'll thry it."

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful. When two-thirds up the ladder, Paddy roared out—

"M'Carty, ye divil ye, sit asay, or I'll spill ye over!"

"Sure, an' isn't it that I'd be afther having ye do?" returned Pat.

When safe landed, he exclaimed—

"I didn't think it was in the likes o' ye. As it happens, ye've won—I'm bate; but jist as we was comin' by the third story, *I was in hopes!*"

## FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully: "Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown;
It is the hot mid-summer, when the hay is down."

At the mid-summer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white bind-weed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs—all in her simple gown:
And it was rich mid-summer, and the hay was down.

At the mid-summer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;
Red-eyed, the sun out glared, like a knight from a leaguered town,
That eve, in high mid-summer, when the hay was down.

It is mid-summer—all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying: "God shield her till we meet in Paradise;
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and crown;"
And I go at mid-summer, when the hay is down.

## A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

LADY.—"I want a ticket!"

CLERK (*Who is a Little Hard of Hearing*).—"Single?"

LADY.—"Single! What does it matter to you, sir, whether I'm single or not? Impertinence!"

[*Clerk explains that he meant a single ticket—not t'other thing.*]

# Agricultural.

## WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN FARMER.

THE CORN CROP.—The gathering in of the crop of corn will be now carried on expeditiously. It is liable to much waste in the field, and the earlier it is got under lock and key the better; due regard being had, of course, to its safety from heating in bulk. If the corn has been allowed to remain on the standing stalk, it will be much sooner in order for the crib. Otherwise much caution must be used in putting it away before cold weather.

FODDER.—The corn crop makes a large body of valuable provender, which should be preserved, and used with the best economy for the stock. If the blades have been preserved, keep a sufficient quantity of them untouched for the spring and summer use of working horses. The stalks with leaves on should be fed away early in the season, that the unconsumed portion may be well trodden by the stock. The husks make valuable provender for working oxen; and all parts are good for milch cows.

FEEDING HOGS.—Do not now lose a day in pressing forward the hog-feeding. While we would urge by all means, where it can be done, both the grinding and cooking of the food of hogs, we hardly hope to see it practised generally, while fall work is pressing and it is so very convenient to throw in the whole ears. Much economy may be exercised, however, by feeding on plank floors and by soaking the ears in water a little salt. A little powdered sulphur occasionally is good for fattening hogs. Rotten wood or charcoal should be thrown freely into their pens. Do not feed immoderately when they are first put up, but feed so as to keep them in good appetite, and increase gradually until they have become accustomed to their change of life. After two weeks give them all they will eat until fat enough to kill.

BEEVES AND SHEEP.—The feeding of beeves and sheep intended for butchering should be carried on diligently if it is intended to get rid of them by the close of the year.

PREPARATION FOR WINTER.—Let your preparations for winter be promptly made, and have especial reference first of all to the comfort and health of your stock. This is your duty and your true economy. For all cattle sheds open to the south and west are sufficient protection and better for health than close, ill ventilated houses. They must be made to throw off the water perfectly, and be well supplied with dry straw, or other litter, for bedding. Working oxen, milch cows, and calves should each have apartments where they may be fed separately. Horses should not be confined to stalls, but each one should have a box in which he may turn about at pleasure. Sheep should have shelter provided, which they may repair to at will in bad weather, and should have the range of a field, if convenient, where they may browse upon pine or cedar bushes. Hogs should be kept apart from other stock. A good shelter on a south hill-side and plenty of dry leaves for bed, is their most suitable accommodation; the range of a wood lot is desirable for them.

MANURES.—The next consideration in the preparation for winter, is with reference to the accumulation and saving of manures. Every thing that will make suitable litter for stock should be gathered for their pens. They should be got to their winter quarters early, and should spend much the greater portion of the time in the yards. The sheds should be provided with gutters to throw the water off from the yards, and every care and precaution should be used to make the best and largest quantity of manure. The fattening hog pens should be especially looked to on this point; the rich food they consume, and the imperfect preparation of it, makes this manure particularly valuable. The strength and value of manure is in exact proportion to the quality of food used.

WATER.—The next point of importance is water. If you have, as many persons have, a vague impression that water is of not much consequence to stock in cold weather, disabuse yourself of it at once. There is really more necessity for it in cold than in warm weather, for the reason that they are restricted to dry food now, whereas in summer all they eat is full of water. Nor will one drink a day suffice from an *extempore* hole in the branch, where the ice has been cut out for the purpose. Have some arrangement for water, either of pump, cistern or spring, by which it may be supplied conveniently three times a day. Learn to think of the wants of your cattle as you do of your own—you want drink at every meal, so do they. Their health requires that they should have their drink in moderate quantities at suitable times. Have water in their yards if possible. If the yards are as dry and comfortable as they should be, there is little occasion for cattle going out of them; when they do go out, see that they go only where you think they should go.

POTATOES.—Secure your potato crop now with no loss of time. A good potato plough will economise your labor very much, and will be paid for in digging two or three acres. Do not allow potatoes to be exposed long to sun and air after digging, as their quality is soon affected by it, but as soon as the external moisture is dried off, put them in the cellar or in kilns. Avoid, if possible, digging when the earth is wet. Do not bury them in the ground, but put them in heaps carried to a point on top of the ground. Put 20 to 50 bushels together as may suit you. Select a thoroughly drained spot of sandy ground, if you have it, for this purpose. Use a large twist of straw or anything that will answer the purpose, placed in the centre of the heap and carried up to the top, to allow the moisture to pass off. Cover with a layer of dry straw first and then the earth. Before the setting in of severe weather, put on a second layer of straw and earth.

RUTA BAGA AND OTHER ROOTS.—Take these up in good weather and secure them as directed for potatoes. Beets and carrots, intended chiefly for family use, had better go into the cellar. Parsnips should be left in the ground. Ruta bagas will continue to grow till the ground freezes, and being much less affected by frost, will not require as much care as potatoes in preserving them.

WHEAT FIELDS.—All wheat seeding not yet finished should be despatched of course as early as possible. Do not sow now without a dressing of guano. With the frost, the fly, the rust, and the weevil, there is a bad chance for late sown grain. The guano gives November sown wheat an advantage equal to ten days of time.

WATER FURROWS.—Do not fail where it is necessary, in your wheat fields, to have good water furrows that will take off the water quickly. It is common to speak of the frost as killing wheat, or to say it is "winter-killed." It is much more proper to say "water-killed." Frost does wheat no harm, except where there is too much water, and when we come to realize this idea more distinctly, we will be more likely to drain our lands properly.

UNDER DRAINING.—Whenever an opportunity allows, drain any land where wheat is liable to be winter-killed, if you wish it permanently improved. All other remedies and restoratives are worthless till this is done. Ditches 24 inches wide, and 2½ to 3 feet deep, sloped to 6 inches at bottom, and filled with small stone or laid with tile, will render a service that hundreds of loads of manure would fail to effect without the drains.

TOBACCO.—Have tobacco houses closed now except in very fine weather. Guard as far as you can against the freezing in the house of uncured leaves. Do not strip till the stems are thoroughly cured, but lose no "season" after it becomes fit. Early stripping is better for the quality of the crop, and very desirable that the work may not drag through the spring months.

ICE PONDS.—Get your ice ponds early in order. Cut off carefully all weeds and grass that would injure the ice. Let the water on early, especially if there be not a large supply, as the sides absorb a great deal, and it is important to have the pond full before freezing. Have the stream so arranged that it may be turned off after the pond is full.

ASPARAGUS BEDS.—It is time now, if not already done, to give asparagus beds their winter dressing. Cut the tops off close to the ground, and carry them off the beds. Clear thoroughly of all weeds. Give the bed a good dressing of salt—whitening the ground pretty well with it. Then give a dressing on top of some two inches thickness of well rotted manure. That sown last spring for new beds should also have attention in the same way.

SPINAGE.—Keep the crop of winter spinage free of weeds, and if not sufficiently thinned heretofore, let it be done now.

LETTUCE.—Lettuce plants which you mean to set into cold frames should be attended to at once, and should be protected against freezing should the weather become cold, but in all moderate weather should have the benefit of the air.

CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWERS.—If you have plants of these in frames, give them full benefit of the air in pleasant weather, but protect them against hard frost. If your plants are set in beds or borders, give them protection by making a sort of frame with fork and small poles, and lay over them a covering of cedar or pine brush, which will be at least twelve inches above the ground, and allow free course to the air. As regards protection of all plants, it is well to bear in mind that it is the thawing rather than freezing which does the damage.

PRESERVING CABBAGES.—To preserve cabbages for winter and spring use, take them up on a dry day and turn them upside down for a while to drain them well of all water. Make their winter quarters on a dry sandy spot if you have such, and warm exposure, and put them into the ground up to the leaves, after picking off all rotten and broken leaves. Make over them a low shelter of any sort that will entirely throw off the water, and keep the sun from shining on them. Leave the ends open for ventilation till cold weather, when they may be well stopped with straw.

ROOTS FOR WINTER.—Preserve roots of all sorts for family use in the cellar, covered with dry sand or straw, or in pits out of doors as directed previously.

CELERY.—To be able to get up your celery at any time in winter and without having it frozen; of every three rows take up two very carefully, and cutting down with the spade on each side of the other row at six inches distance, set the removed plants carefully in these and cover up with earth to the tops of the leaves. On some clear, dry day, before hard frost, cover the whole up with straw, and put over it a good layer of earth. If thus protected you will be able to use your celery without trouble in the severest weather.

RHUBARB AND SEA KALE.—Seeds of rhubarb and sea kale may be sown this month, and will vegetate better than if kept out of ground till spring.

EARLY POTATOES.—A plot of potatoes may be planted late this month, and well covered with straw or other litter. They will be a week or so earlier than those planted in spring. Plant in light dry soil.

TRENCHING AND MANURING.—This is a good time to give the garden soil, which requires it, a thorough trenching and manuring for the purpose of deepening the soil.

# Useful Receipts.

HOW TO MAKE PASTE.—Too numerous to mention are the little conveniences of having a little flour paste always at hand, as those made of any of the gums impart a glaze to printed matter, and make it rather difficult to read. Dissolve a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of warm water, and when cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps, then stir in as much powdered rosin as will stand on a dime, then throw in half-a-dozen cloves, merely to give a pleasant odor. Next, have a vessel on the fire which has a teacupful or more of boiling water, pour the flour mixture on the boiling water, stir it well all the time; in a very few minutes it will be of the consistence of mush; pour it out into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on it, and put in a cool place. It will keep for months. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. We keep ours covered an inch or two with water, to prevent the surface from drying up. Paste handled in this way will last for twelve months. —*Journal of Health.*

IVORY KNIFE HANDLES.—Never let knife *blades* stand in hot water, as is sometimes done, to make them wash easily. The heat expands the steel, which runs up into the handle a very little, and this cracks the ivory. Knife handles should never lie in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

CURE FOR CORNS.—If "A Poor Cripple" will take a lemon, cut a piece of it off, then nick it so as to let in the toe with the corn, the pulp next the corn, tie this on at night so that it cannot move, he will find the next morning that, with a blunt knife, the corn will come away to a great extent. Two or three applications of this will make "A Poor Cripple" happy for life; and I shall be glad to hear the result.—*London Field.*

DISEASE OF SOAP.—A writer in "The Medical Gazette" is very emphatic in his directions to patients suffering from cutaneous eruption, to avoid the application of soap to the irritated part. In the general directions appended to the pharmacopœia is the following: "Avoid using soap of *any kind* to the affected parts; substitute to cleanse the skin, instead of soap, a paste or gruel made of bran, oatmeal, linseed meal, arrowroot, or starch and warm water, or with warm milk and water; and yolk of egg and warm water to cleanse the scalp." The last named application is very useful in cases of prurigo and eczema of the scalp in children. Both of these affections are often aggravated and kept up by the persevering use of soap.

REMOVING MILDEW FROM CLOTHES.—When clothes are rolled up in a damp state for a few days, they become spotted with mildew, consisting of minute *fungi*. These are very difficult to remove, and they injure both the texture and color of the clothes. The only effectual method known to us for removing such spots from linen, is by steeping the latter in a weak liquor of chloride of lime. It is made by obtaining some chloride of lime from the druggist's (say one pound), then stirring it into about four gallons of cold water. It is now allowed to settle for one hour, and the clear liquor is ready for the clothes, which should be steeped in it for about two hours, then washed thoroughly in cold water, and exposed on the grass to the sun.

We have had several inquiries regarding the best method of removing mildew from clothes, and perhaps some of our lady readers (of which we have quite a respectable number) may be able to give us a more efficient and simple method than the one we have described. Much fine linen is often laid aside from use on account of becoming mildewed and discolored.—A renovating remedy for this evil would be a great favor to many persons.—*Scientific American.*

THE MOSAIC HISTORY.—A work has recently been published in London by an accomplished Egyptian scholar, who, in examining Egyptian records, has found traces of a history parallel to that written by Moses. He finds Jannes mentioned five times, Moses twice, and Balak, son of Zippor, at a place called Huzoth: that a people of whom Moses was leader marched towards Palestine by the way of Migdol and Zoar; that they were connected with the names Midia and Aram; that there was a contest at a place of a great water-flood; that a royal or noble youth meets a sudden and mysterious death, and that a royal order is immediately issued for the hasty departure of a people for their feast of "passing the dead;" and that miracles are named as being performed by their leaders in lower Egypt.

☞ The actions of men are like the index of a book: they point out what is most remarkable in them.

# The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 17, 6, was a city of Sharon.
My 3, 12, 8, 3, 16, was a city of Macedonia.
My 3, 7, 6, 18, was a district of country inhabited by the Hemites.
My 5, 1, 18, 12, 8, was a son of Japheth.
My 6, 13, 12, 3, was a Prince of Midian.
My 7, 17, 5, 1, 20, was the name of a celebrated idol.
My 9, 18, 1, 17, was a King of Judah.
My 10, 4, 13, 3, was a city of Phenicia.
My 11, 19, 8, 6, 7, was a fountain or watering-place in Jezreel.
My 12, 16, 18, 9, was a small town of Benjamin.
My 14, 3, 3, 16, 11, was the father of Abraham.
My 15, 3, 14, 11, was a son of Canaan.
My 17, 16, 10, 15, 9, 20, was a distinguished prophet of Judea.
My 19, 16, 13, 6, 17, was a high priest.
My 20, 16, 9, 18, 19, 17, was a Syrian General of great distinction and bravery.
My whole is a text of Scripture which all should remember. MYLIO.

East Liverpool, O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 7, 13, 19, 29, 21, was a King of Thebes.
My 1, 8, 12, 22, 13, 19, 4, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 26, 9, 20, 30, is an island on the coast of Spain.
My 2, 6, 25, 17, 28, is a boy's name.
My 8, 29, 4, 10, 12, is an animal.
My 9, 3, 5, 26, 27, is a large bird.
My 14, 29, 4, 30, is a kind of grain.
My 20, 4, 16, 25, 16, 27, 22, is a fruit of the Torrid Zone.
My 10, 11, 3, 17, 14, 8, is used by housekeepers.
My 18, 29, 25, 5, is a Chinese invention.
My 1, 20, 24, 26, is a mineral substance.
My 15, 20, 4, 21, 6, 23, is an insect.
My whole were the last words of a renowned warrior. F. D. S. & W. H. H.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 2, 18, 8, 20, 9, 22, 35, 6, was the god of strength.
My 31, 13, 27, 34, 5, 12, 36, was an ancient city of great wealth.
My 5, 26, 29, 4, 28, is a strait in Oceanica.
My 22, 23, 33, 37, 19, 28, is an island in Oceanica.
My 1, 21, 8, 14, 37, 31, is a vegetable production.
My 24, 12, 24, 25, 23, 34, 31, 22, 3, is a fruit of the Torrid Zone.
My 19, 12, 7, 8, 32, 24, is a kind of fruit.
My 30, 18, 35, 6, is an island on the coast of Maine.
My 17, 23, 8, 36, 6, 32, 24, was a General engaged in Indian wars.
My 16, 23, 8, 11, 2, 3, 19, 36, 29, 38, 37, 23, is a division of Asia.
My whole was an important event in the reign of King Titus. DIDO.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vegetable.
My second is an exclamation of surprise.
My third is a kind of grain.
My fourth is an article.
My whole is a handsome town in the west.

Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. SMITH.

MISCELLANEOUS ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Treat, I rule. | Gas, tin lever. |
| Saw nothing. | Rat oil. |
| Old pear. | Shake, Rome |
| Rat more. | I reveal not. |
| Red nuts and gin. | Grin, ocean. |
| Daniel, Nod. | |

J. BARNES.

Whigville, Noble County, Ohio.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the day that Brigitta was married, her friends agreed to raise, within two years, a gift of $1,400 for her. Her father gave her $1 towards it forthwith, promising to double it in geometrical progression every other month. Her uncle gave her $1, promising to treble the same in geometrical progression every third month. Her Cousin Charles gave her $1, promising to quadruple the same in geometrical progression every fourth month. Also ten wedding guests, that were present, gave her $1 each, promising to repeat the same monthly. And the mother of the bride gave her $14, but said that she could not do anything more. All these promises to cease as soon as the joint stock should amount to $1,400. The question is, in what length of time was the stock raised? and what sum of money did each of the said fourteen persons pay towards it?

PERCIVAL JONES.

Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a horizontal plane rests a sphere, whose diameter is 36 feet. Suppose a grain of shot begins to move at the upper extremity of its vertical diameter and rolls down its surface. Required—the nature of the *curve* described by the shot, the point at which it will leave the sphere, and the distance from the lower extremity of the vertical diameter of the sphere to the point on the plane where the shot will strike it? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Ans.—Because it is the least tide-y.

☞ What goes most against a farmer's grain? Ans.—His reaping-machine.

☞ Why is a chestnut horse, going at a rapid pace up an inclined plane, like an individual in white trowsers presenting a young lady in book muslin with an infantine specimen of the canine species? Ans.—Because he is giving a gallup up (a gal a pup).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Amelia B. Edwards. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Mary. RIDDLE—The letter E. CHARADE—Fare-well. CHARADE——Larkspers. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—514,730 rails.